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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of Lord Byron: New Edition. Vol. VII. 12mo. London, 1832. Murray.

The success which has hitherto attended the collective edition of Lord Byron's life and prose writings, will not, we are persuaded, suffer any diminution on the appearance of the first volume of his poetical works, brought out under the same responsibility, and constituting a part of the same series. On the contrary, we have, in perusing it, been continually asking ourselves, how it could have happened that so little justice should have hitherto been done to those compositions, on which the main fame of the illustrious deceased must ever depend. On reflection, however, it is intelligible enough that some time after the death of the author must in all cases elapse, before the materials for fitly and adequately expounding his poetical works can be collected. It is not until the bad consequences of their being imperfectly understood, are forced, by a considerable tract of observation, on the persons themselves familiarly acquainted with the circumstances under which they were written, that the public can hope for such disclosures as, when made, add doubly and trebly to the general value of the monuments of genius. Thus it has been with Lord Byron. It is only now that his personal friends and relatives have felt it due to him, to drop the little squeamishnesses of delicacy, and lay open their stores of recollection. Byron has taken his place as a great English classic. Eight years have elapsed since his untimely death; and his intimates and connexions are at length enabled to view him, and his history, and his works, at a sufficient distance; and, looking forward to posterity, to perceive the propriety of recording, while they may, the details, without which, much of what should be known must needs remain impenetrable to the unborn millions destined to rejoice.

"That Byron's language is their mother tongue."

We must congratulate the publisher on the ready zeal with which the family and friendly associates of Lord Byron have come forward on this occasion. The private letters and diaries of the noble poet were not *all* in Mr. Moore's hands, when he drew up his memorable "Notices;" and it is obvious that many such materials have, for the first time, been brought forth for the service of the volume now before us, and, we presume, of the others that are to follow it. We must also congratulate him on the industry and good taste which have been applied to the utilization of the precious materials thus placed at his disposal. But of this our readers will draw a fair augury for themselves from the scope and style of the editorial advertisement, which we shall quote at length.

"At the distance of eight years from Lord Byron's death, in arranging his poetical works for this the first complete and uniform edition of them, it has been necessary to give much consideration, to follow, as closely as possible, the order of chronology. With a writer whose pieces do not prominently connect themselves with the actual sequence of his private history, another course

might have seemed more advisable; but, in the case of one whose compositions reflect constantly the incidents of his own career, the development of his sentiments, and the growth of his character—in the case of a Petrarch, a Burns, a Schiller, or a Byron—the advantages of the plan here adopted appear unquestionable.—The poetical works of Lord Byron are thus arranged, and extracted from his own diaries and letters, (to many of which, as yet, in MS., the Editor has had access)—and from the information of his surviving friends, who have in general answered every inquiry with prompt kindness—will now present the clearest picture of the history of the man, as they must ever form the noblest monument of his genius. Besides the juvenile miscellany of 1807, entitled *Hours of Idleness*, and the satire of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, first published in 1809, the present volume embraces a variety of Occasional Pieces, many of them now first printed, written between 1807 and the summer of 1810. Its contents bring down, therefore, the poetical autobiography of Lord Byron, from the early days of Southwell and Harrow, to the time when he had seriously entered on the great work which fixed his place in the highest rank of English literature. Here the reader is enabled to take 'the river of his life' at its sources, and trace it gradually from the boyish origin of passably tender and labored innocent half-naïf lyrics, and the eager melancholy which hangs over the first stirrings of ambition, until, widening and strengthening as it flows, it begins to appear discoloured with the bitter waters of thwarted affection and outraged pride. No person, it is hoped, will hesitate to confess that new light is thrown on such of these pieces as had been published previously, by the arrangement and annotation which they have at length received—any more than that, among the minor poems now for the first time printed, there are several which claim a higher place, as productions of Lord Byron's genius, than any of those with which, in justice to him and to his reader, they are thus interwoven.—Composed entirely of verses written between the ages of fifteen and twenty-three, this volume, even considered in a mere literary point of view, might be allowed to stand alone in the history of juvenile poetry. But, as far as it is, in fact, with maturity, a good chapter of the author's 'confessions,' and it is in contemplating these faithful records of the progress of his mind and feelings, in conjunction with those already presented in the prose notices of his life, which mutually illustrate and confirm each other throughout, that the reader can alone prepare himself for entering with full advantage on the first canto of *Childe Harold*."

The principles of *editorship* thus laid down will entirely coincide; and we are bound to add, that the manner in which they have been applied, and the contents of the present volume, meet equally our approbation. The light now thrown on the early history of Lord Byron, both as a man and as a poet, is extraordinary. The communications of his friends, hitherto silent, have enabled the editor to fill up blanks, and explain allusions, which lend a wholly new interest to those "occasional pieces" in which the great poet exercised his growing powers; but they have done more than this. They have, from the stores of their private albums, or escutiores, supplied a whole body of early poetry, superior to any thing that had hitherto appeared under the *dates* to which their composition is referred. Why poems so much above those included in the *Hours of Idleness* should not, although written before 1809, have been comprised in the publication so entitled, the editor professes himself unable to guess. We think we can help him. The pieces of this period now for the first time made public, referred so closely to the personal feelings of the author, that the very same cause which rendered them infinitely better than those which he was willing to put forth at that time, made him shrink from including them in his little volume. They were indeed "confessions," and the time for such was not as yet come.

The superiority of these new pieces will be sufficiently attested by one or two specimens. The first we quote is entitled "Lines to an Oak at Newstead," and the editor's note explanatory, is as follows:

"Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished, so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed;—hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, 'Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.'—'I hope not, sir,' replied the man; 'for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.' The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after, by strangers, as 'the Byron oak,' and promises to share, in after-times, the celebrity of Shakspere's mulberry, and Pope's willow."

"Young oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.
Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
O, the land of my fathers I rated thee with pride:
They are past, and I waste thy steed with my tears,
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.
I left thee, my oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger to thyself in the hall of thy bower,
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.
Oh! hardy thou wert—ever now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently
heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a stranger would feel?

Ab, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;
Ere twixt round yon glory this planet shall run,
The hand of thy master will teach thee to smile,
When infancy's years of probation are done.
Oh, live then, my Oak! tower aloft from the weeds
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.
Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though I shall lie low in the cavern of death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.
For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
Over the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave.
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.
And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
Remembrance still hallowa the dust of the dead.
And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
Perhaps he pour'd forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day."

Some charming little stanzas "To a lady who presented the author with the velvet band which bound her tresses," are of a still earlier date.

"This hand, which bound thy yellow hair,
Is mine sweet girl! thy pledge of love;
It claims my warmest, dearest care,
Like relics left of saints above.
Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee;
From me again 'twill never depart,
But mingle in the grave with me."

The dew I gather from thy lip
Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
Even when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of Love will still be green
When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
In gently waving ringlet cur'd—
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for a world."

We think still more highly of a piece entitled "The Adieu," written in 1808, under the impression that the author would soon die; but we have not space for the notes, which clear up all its allusions.

"Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endue;

Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
Who through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye scenes of Granua's vale;
Where Learning robed in asile reigns,
And Melancholy pale.

Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cam's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Gairr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.

Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?

Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sootheron home?

Home of my sires! a long farewell—
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will shew:

The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy hall,
Forgets its wonted simple note;
But yet the lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Aeolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are now forgot,
To retrospective dear.

Streamlet! whose whose rippling surge
My youthful limbs went to urge,
At noontide heat their pliant course,
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, the river roll between
The scene which passion blast;

Yet, Mary! all thy beauties seem
Fair as in loves bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd:

Till slow desire resigns thy prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my friend! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!

Still near my breast thy gift I wear,
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of love the pure, the sacred gem;

Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;

Let pride alone condemn!

All, all, is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid life's pulse beat:

Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,

Grown too faint wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,—
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead!

O, Fair! thou goddess of my heart,
In whom who wins the prize
Pointless must fall the spectre's dart,
Consumed in glory's blaze;

But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,

My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;

The need of pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By night skies, and storms alone;

No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven:

There must that soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.

To me the world is unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's throne;

To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of light! to Thee call,
My soul is dark within:

Thee, who dost mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;

And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die."

Of the annotations in this volume we have spoken highly; but, of course, it is impossible to quote many of them, without transcribing also the verses they illustrate. One specimen must suffice: it refers to a very interesting subject, and is appended to the following touching lines in a piece entitled "Childish Recollections."

"Stern death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's care:
Can rank, or even a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?
For this can wealth or title's sound alone,
Made, by a parent's early loss my own?" &c.

"In all the lives of Lord Byron hitherto published, the character of the poet's father has been alluded to in terms of unmilitated reprobation, for which the ascertained facts of his history afford but a slender pretext. He had, like his son, the misfortune of being brought up by a mother alone; Admiral Byron, his father, being kept at a distance from his family by professional duties. His education was completed at a foreign military academy—not, in those days at least, a very favourable school; and from this, on receiving a commission in the Coldstream Guards, he was plunged, while yet a boy, into all the temptations to which a person of singular beauty, and manners of the most captivating grace, can expose the heir of a noble name in our luxurious metropolis. The unfortunate intrigue, which has been greatly talked of marking his character with something like horror, occurred when he was hardly of age. All events, as Captain Byron, who died in his thirty-fifth year, could have had no influence in determining the course of his son's education or pursuits, it is difficult to understand on what grounds his personal qualities have been made the theme of discussion, to say nothing of angry vituperation, either in memoirs of Lord B., or reviews of those memoirs. Some unworthy reflections upon the subject were hazarded in a biographical sketch of the noble poet, prefixed to a French translation of one of his works, which appeared very shortly before he left Genoa for Greece; and the remarks which these drew from the son at the time, will probably go far to soften the general impression respecting the father. At the letter which Lord Byron addressed to the author, who has forwarded the offensive tract from Paris, has not hitherto been printed, and was probably the last he wrote before quitting Italy, and was probably the last he wrote before quitting Italy, we make no apology for the length of the following extract:

"Genoa, 10th July, 1832.

"As to the *Essay*, &c. I have nothing to object to it, with regard to what concerns myself personally, though naturally there are some of the facts in it discoloured, and several errors into which the author has been led by the accounts of others. I allude to facts, and not criticisms; but the same author has cruelly calumniated my father and my grand-uncle, but more especially the former. So far from being 'brutal,' he was, according to the testimony of all who knew him, of an extremely amiable and joyous character, but careless and dissipated. He had consequently the reputation of a good officer, and shewed himself such in America. The facts themselves refute the assertion. It is not by 'brutality' that a young officer of the Guards seduces and carries off a marchioness, and marries two heiresses. It is true that he was a very bad husband, who goes to good way. His first wife (Lady Conyers, and Marchioness of Carmarthen) did not die of grief, but of a malady which she might be having imprudently insisted on accompanying my father to a hunt, before she was completely recovered from the accouchement which gave birth to my sister Augusta. His

second wife, my respectable mother, had, I assure you, too proud a spirit to bear with the ill usage of any man, no matter who he might be; and this she would have soon proved. I could add that he lived a long time at Paris, and was in habits of intimacy with the old Marshal Biron, Commandant of the French Guards, who, from the similarity of names, and Norman origin of our family, supposed that there was some distant relationship between us. He died some years before the age of forty; and whatever may have been his faults, they were certainly not those of harshness and grossness. If the notice should reach England, I am certain that the passage relative to my father will give much more pain to my sister even than to me. Augusta and I have always loved the memory of our father as much as we loved each other; and this at least forms a presumption, that the stain of harshness was not applicable to it. If he dissipated his fortune, that concerns us alone, for we are his heirs; and till we reproach him with it, I know no one else who has a right to do so. He died in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Stag-hounds, after that event; and did not give up society until his son had offended him, by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr. Chaworth, who was a *suspicion*, and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used upon that occasion in his bedchamber, and there it still was when he died. It is singular enough, that when very young, I formed a strong attachment for the grand-niece and heiress of Mr. Chaworth, who stood in the same degree of relationship as myself to Lord Byron; and at one time it was thought that an union would have taken place. This is a long letter, and principally about myself; but it is but a fault of my benevolent biographer. He is fond of me whatever he writes on or evil accuses him; but I desire that he should speak of my relations only as they deserve. If you could find an occasion of making him rectify the facts relative to my father, and publish them, you would do me a great service, for I cannot bear to have him unjustly spoken of.

"P.S. The 11th or 12th of this month I shall embark for Greece. Should I return, I shall pass through Paris, and shall be much flattered in meeting you and your friends. Should I not return, give me as affectionately a place in your remembrance as possible.—B."

The *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* have received very elaborate *cura* in this edition. Twenty-four years have passed over our heads since that satire first appeared; and many of the men and things alluded to have, of course, fallen into the sear and yellow leaf of oblivion. The satire is now equipped with a series of notes, which bring down the information required to the necessities of the present hour; and the half-forgotten heroes who were mixed up with the *Dei majorum genitium*, are embalmed quite as carefully as their station required. Miles Peter Andrews, Esq., M.P. for Bewdley—"Hoarse Fitzgerald," poor fellow! and a score more, may now depend upon being appreciated by posterity.

We are, by the by, much pleased to hear that Byron's famous letter to the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which was thought to have been lost for ever, has cast up at length. It is a defence of *Don Juan*, and will therefore form an appropriate appendix to that extraordinary production;—a splendid dedication of which, to the Poet Laureate, has also been recently discovered; and will, no doubt, grace the same volume of the series. Two exquisite engravings adorn this *livraison*. The Plain of Troy, after Turner, is poetry itself.

Illustrations of Political Economy: No. 1. *Life in the Wilds*; 2. *The Hill and the Valley*; 3. *Brooke and Brooke Farm*; 4. *Demerara*; 5. *Ella of Garveloch*. By Harriet Martineau. 18mo. London, 1832. C. Fox.

NOTHING can now be more vain than discussion as to the beneficial or injurious tendency of the present diffusion of knowledge. For good or for evil, the stone has been removed from the well, and the waters will flow even to the uttermost ends of the earth; no human power may avail to stop the current. But human power may do much—it may direct the stream to purposes not of inundation and destruction, but to those of beauty and fertility. There is no folly greater than talking of what

might have been; man's only business is, with what is, and with what may be. We confess we are not among those who look upon intelligence as Lucifer in disguise; neither do we consider that ignorance is innocence, or even content. We firmly believe that people will act the better for thinking—that thought is most likely to be awakened by reading—and that the more books are placed within every one's reach, the greater will be the general advantage. It was a happy expression which called the press a fifth element. It is so; but like earth, air, fire, and water, it is wrought to benefit or injury according to the way in which it is employed. Every book, pamphlet, or periodical, now published, involves a serious responsibility. Reading has become, and every day will be more the occupation of a portion of every man's time; and as that reading is ill or well directed, will be the consequences on that man's mind. It has been well said, that bad publications are only to be counteracted by good; and when we consider the multitude of worthless, or worse, idle or injurious works continually coming forth, like weeds in a fertile soil, too much attention cannot be bestowed, nor too much honour given to the writer whose efforts blend utility, judgment, and interest. To this rare and invaluable class belong the small volumes before us. We have no hesitation in saying, that they appear to us as extraordinary productions as have ever emanated from the pen of a woman. Admirable in intention, no less admirable in execution, they unite the most opposite merits: the dialogue is dramatic, the narrative full of attraction, the reasoning obvious, the style clear if not elegant, the matter treated most important, and the subjects such as involve our every-day concerns. If any think this eulogium overcharged, we refer them to the pages themselves; and having acknowledged their excellence as a whole, we proceed to point out particular merits; and first let Miss Martineau explain her own plan. After some judicious remarks on Political Economy, with an acknowledgment of the slight inducement offered by the works which professedly treat of it to the general reader, she thus proceeds to state her own plan:—

"The works already written on Political Economy almost all bear a reference to books which have preceded, or consist in part of discussions of disputed points. Such references and such discussions are very interesting to those whom they concern, but offer a poor introduction to those to whom the subject is new. There are a few, a very few, which teach the science systematically as far as it is yet understood. These too are very valuable; but they do not give us what we want—the science in a familiar, practical form. They give us its history; they give us its philosophy; but we want its picture. They give us truths, and leave us to look about us, and go hither and thither in search of illustrations of those truths. Some who have a wide range in society and plenty of leisure, find this all-sufficient; but there are many more who have neither time nor opportunity for such an application of what they learn. We cannot see why the truth and its application should not go together,—why an explanation of the principles which regulate society should not be made more clear and interesting at the same time by pictures of what those principles are actually doing in communities. For instance: if we want to teach that security of property is necessary to the prosperity of a people, and to shew how and in what proportion wealth increases where there

is that security, and dwindle away where there is not, we may make the fact and the reasons very well understood by stating them in a dry, plain way; but the same thing will be quite as evident, and far more interesting and better remembered, if we confirm our doctrine by accounts of the hardships suffered by individuals, and the injuries by society, in such a country as Turkey, which remains in a state of barbarism chiefly through the insecurity of property. The story of a merchant in Turkey, in contrast with one of a merchant in England, will convey as much truth as any set of propositions on the subject, and will impress the memory and engage the interest in much greater degree. This method of teaching Political Economy has never yet been tried, except in the instance of a short story or separate passage here and there. This is the method in which we propose to convey the leading truths of Political Economy, as soundly, as systematically, as clearly and faithfully, as the utmost pains-taking and the strongest attachment to the subject will enable us to do. We trust we shall not be supposed to countenance the practice of making use of narrative as a trap to catch idle readers, and make them learn something they are afraid of. We detest the practice, and feel ourselves insulted whenever a book of the *trap* kind is put into our hands. It is many years since we grew sick of works that pretend to be stories, and turn out to be catechisms of some kind of knowledge which we had much rather become acquainted with in its undisguised form. The reason why we choose the form of narrative is, that we really think it the best in which Political Economy can be taught, as we should say of nearly every kind of moral science. Once more we must apply the old proverb, 'Example is better than precept.' We take this proverb as the motto of our design."

No one can deny the advantages of this plan; experience teaches by facts, and so should the writer. The first tale is "Life in the Wilds." It depicts the struggles of a little band of settlers, thrown almost literally upon their natural resources. The Bushmen have entirely destroyed their property. The necessities and advantages of labour, the advantages of individual exertion and general co-operation, are all placed in the most forcible light. The next is "The Hill and the Valley." It gives the history of an iron foundry, from the beginning of its labours to their cessation: the consequences of over-supply, the necessity for a provident looking, the beneficial results, are the material. It is the theory of the manufacturing interest made obvious by practice. "Brooke and Brooke Farm" does the same by the agricultural question. "Demerara" is a true and forcible picture of the disadvantages of slavery; shewing the necessity of general interest for general stimulus, and that the planter is a sufferer from his own system. "Ella of Garveloch" is the last—we almost think the best: as a mere story, it is one of the most touching we ever read; and the question of rent, its justice and its expediency, being one of such daily recurrence, is of extreme importance. Each of these stories being a harmonious whole, the cause leading to the act, and the consequence following, it is no ordinary difficulty to give an idea by selection. The dialogue between two of the settlers in "Life in the Wilds," is an excellent specimen of Miss Martineau's accurate deduction:—

"We have clothing, for flax grows in the woods; and there are plenty of animals within reach, whose skins can be dried and cleaned to make us cloaks or beds, or tanned for shoes

and caps and aprons for our workmen. We have furniture, for there is plenty of timber in the woods to make tables and chairs. We have _____" "Stay," interrupted his friend, "you are getting on too fast. All these things are likely to become ours, I grant you; but before we can call them our own—before they become wealth to us, something must be added which we have not yet taken into consideration. You forget that there is no wealth without labour; and labour must be applied before the commonest productions can become wealth." "True," replied the captain. "The flax must be gathered, and dried, and hacked, and woven, before it will make a shirt; and the animals must be caught, and a great deal of labour be spent upon their skins, before they become fit for clothing or bedding; and the timber must be felled and sawn, and the pieces put skilfully together, before we possess it in the form of tables and chairs. But surely the case is different with food, of some kinds at least. There is fish in the pond and fruit on the tree, ready made for man's use. Man spends no labour on the fruit that grows wild in such a climate as this; and yet we daily find that it is wealth to us." "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Stone—"there is the labour of gathering it. An orange is of no use to any man living, unless he puts out his hand to pluck it; and as for the fish in the pond—think of the carp that Hill told us of this morning. They are no wealth to us till we can catch them, though the pool is within reach, and they belong to nobody else." "We should have had them by this time if we had but got a net," said the captain. "The net is one thing wanting, certainly," said his friend, "but labour is another. If the net were now lying ready on the bank, we should be no better for the fish, unless some one took the trouble of drawing them out of the water. I do not say that unassisted labour will furnish us with all that we want; but I do say that nothing can be had without the exertion of getting it—that is, that there is no wealth without labour." "True," said the captain. "Even the manna in the wilderness would have been of no more use to the Hebrews than the carp in the pool to us, if they had not exerted themselves to gather it up. Food was never yet rained into the mouth of any man." "And if it had been," said Mr. Stone, "he must have troubled himself to hold back his head and open his mouth; so you see what conclusion we come to, even in an extreme case." "But with all our labour," said the captain, "how little we can do in comparison with what is done for us! Labour may be necessary to make the productions of nature useful to us; but how much greater are the powers of nature in preparing them for us! To look back no farther than to-day, the antelope could not have been food for us unless human hands had prepared it; but how much was done beforehand! It was nourished, we know not how, by the grass it fed upon; it was made, we know not how, fit food for our bodies; and our bodies were so formed as to be strengthened by this food. Neither do we understand how fire acts upon the flesh so as to make it tender, or even how wood, in its turn, nourishes the fire. All that human labour has done was to bring together the wood, and the fire, and the animal, and then to eat the food prepared. Nature did the rest." "The case was the same with little Betsy's treat of honey," added Mr. Stone: "the earth, and the air, and the dew, had nourished the flowers from which the honey was collected; the bees were curiously formed and animated, so that they could gather and store the honey,

and the hollows of the tree so made as to hold it. Then again, the rushes, and the twigs, and the leaves, were all fit for the use Betsy made of them : her business was to bring them together in a particular manner, so as to make a basket. And thus it is in every case. And even where we seem to make the materials, we only bring together simple materials to make compound ones. We say that the materials of a rush basket are not made by human labour, but that the materials of a paper basket are made by human labour ; but though paper is made of linen rags, those rags are made of flax which grows out of the ground : so that nature still works at the bottom.' 'In the same way,' said the captain, 'we say that the material of a hare-skin waistcoat is not produced by human labour, but that the velvet one of a gentleman of fashion is altogether made by human hands ; but still nature works at the bottom, as you say, for velvet is woven of silk spun by a worm.' 'True,' said Mr. Stone ; 'and thus far only is the labour of man appointed to go. He works with nature, and his only way of doing so is by motion. He moves her materials together, but how they act upon one another he does not know. You put your torch of wood into the flame, and it blazes ; Robertson lets the seed fall into the ground, and it sprouts ; he pulls up a root, and it withers. Hill applies certain herbs to wound, or gives certain medicines, and his patients are cured ; or, if they die, he does not know how to prevent it. Fulton dips and rubs his leather in a certain preparation of bark, and it becomes soft and fit for use ; his mother puts flour and salt and barn together, and the dough works ; she places it in a great heat, and it becomes fit for food. So man brings materials together ; but nature first furnishes them, and then makes them act upon one another.' 'It seems but little that man can do,' said the captain, 'but yet that little is all-important to him.' 'Since it is necessary to him,' said Mr. Stone, 'it becomes great ; and indeed it may be said that there are no bounds to what man can do, since there seem to be no bounds to the powers of nature. Look what has been done ! There may have been—I doubt not there was—a time when the founders of nations could do nothing more than gather the wild fruits of the earth, and find shelter in caves ; and now, the successors of these very men produce merchandise, and build ships, and rear splendid buildings, and make roads over mountains, and do a thousand things which would have appeared miracles to their forefathers ; and all this time, the wisest men are aware that labour may be employed in a multitude of ways of which we yet know nothing.'

We next select the observations on machinery.

"I see clearly, and I suppose the most ignorant person in the settlement sees, how useful machinery is in a case like ours, where the great object is to save labour. But are those in the wrong who dislike the extensive use of machinery in countries, such as England at the present day, where the great object is to find employment for labour ? 'Clearly wrong, in my opinion,' replied her husband ; 'because, till the human race reaches its highest point of attainment, there must be always something more to do ; and the more power is set at liberty to do it, the better. Till all the arts and sciences are exhausted, till nature has furnished the last of her resources, and man found the limit of his means of making use of them, the greatest possible supply of human labour is wanted, and it is our duty to make the utmost possible saving of it.' 'I remember,' said

his wife, 'what the captain said about labour being a power of which man is the machine ; and I see how it must be for man's advantage to economise this power to the utmost. But I cannot reconcile this with the evils caused by the introduction of machinery where labour is abundant.' 'I do not deny the evil,' replied her husband ; 'but I see that the distress is temporary and partial, while the advantage is lasting and universal. You have heard of the dismay of those who got their living by copying manuscripts, when the art of printing was introduced.' 'Yes ; and that many thousands now are maintained by printing to one who used to copy for bread. The case is the same with cotton-spinning, I know. Where one was employed to spin by hand, hundreds are now maintained by spinning with machinery ; and thousands of times as much work is done.' 'Such a result in any one case, my dear, shews that the principle is a good one ; and if, in any other case, it appears not to be good, we may be pretty sure of finding that the blame lies—not with the principle—but with some check or other which interferes with it. Such checks are imposed by the bad policy of some governments, and by the want of union between the different parts of society. While the race at large has still so many wants and wishes ungratified, it ought to be an easy thing for any quantity of labour which is turned away from one kind of work to find employment in another. That it is not easy, is the fault of the constitution of society, and we should be far from remedying the evil by repressing the principle and restricting the power of labour.' 'So you think that if labour had its free course all over the world, machinery might be extended to the utmost perfection without doing any thing but good to the whole of the race ?' 'I do : and I see yet further evil in restricting the use of machinery in any one country ; that it invariably increases the amount of distress on the very spot. Since no power on earth can stop the improvement of machinery in the whole world at once, it does nothing but mischief to stop it in any one place. Wherever it is done, that place is thrown back in the race of competition, and will soon suffer under a failure of demand for its productions and manufactures ; because, by the aid of machinery, they can be furnished more cheaply elsewhere ?' 'Then the only thing to be done is to open as many channels to industry as possible, and to remove all obstructions to its free course ?' 'Just so.—Those in power should do this by pursuing the "letting alone" course of policy ; and private individuals, like you and me, my dear, can do no more than form right opinions, and when we are sure of them, spread them. We can only influence by forming a fraction of that mighty amount of power—public opinion.'"

This question is treated again in "The Hill and the Valley," and the conversation in which it occurs is so interesting, that we will give the whole.

"There appears to me not less beauty in the mechanism of society than in the inventions of art." 'That is, you, being a master, like to survey the ranks of slaves under you.' 'Not so,' said Mr. Wallace, mildly ; for he was not inclined to resent the petulance of the old man. 'There is no slavery, no enforced labour, no oppression, that I am aware of, in our establishment. Masters and men agree upon measures of mutual service, and the exertions of each party are alike necessary to the success of their undertaking.' 'It may be so just now, because your trade is flourishing more than it

ever was before, and labour is scarce, and your people are well paid ; but they will not long be contented. When prices fall and wages must come down, they will discover that they are slaves.' 'Never,' replied Mr. Wallace, 'for this reason : there is no bond of mutual interest between master and slave, as there is between the capitalist and the free labourer. It matters nothing to the slave, whether his master employs his capital actively or profitably or not ; while this is the all-important consideration between the free labourer and his employer. It is the interest of our men and ourselves that the productiveness of our trade should be increased to the utmost ; that we should turn out as much work as possible, and that therefore we should improve our machinery, divide our labour to the best advantage, and bring all our processes to the greatest possible perfection. All our labourers, therefore, who understand their own interest, try to improve their industry and skill : while, if they were slaves, and their lot did not depend on their own exertions, they would probably be careless and indolent. In such a case, I should have no more pleasure than you in surveying our establishment, if indeed such a one could exist.' 'You are the first iron-master, the first master of any kind, whom I ever heard declare that both parties in such a concern had a common interest.' 'I am surprised at that,' replied Mr. Wallace, 'for no truth appears to me more evident. How many classes have you been accustomed to consider concerned in production ?' Armstrong laughed, while he pointed significantly to himself, and then looked about him. 'You unite in yourself the functions of capitalist and labourer,' replied Mr. Wallace ; 'but yours is, I am happy to say, an uncommon case.' 'You are happy to say ?' 'Yes ; for if all men had followed your mode of life to this day, there would have been no iron-work, nor any other sort of manufacture in existence, and life would have been barbarous in comparison with what it is, and there would have been few in comparison born to enjoy it. You would yourself have been a sufferer. You would have had no spade and no scythe, no bucket for your well, no chain for your bucket, no newspaper in the morning, and no Farmer's Journal in the afternoon. Since you owe all these things, and a thousand others, to the co-operation of capitalists and labourers, my dear sir, it seems rather ungracious to despise such a union.' 'Well, sir, you shall have it your own way. How many classes of producers do you reckon ?' 'Speaking of manufacturing produce, I reckon two—the two I have mentioned ; and I never listen to any question of their comparative value, since they are both necessary to production.' 'I should have thought labour more valuable than capital,' said Mrs. Wallace, 'because it must have been in operation first. The first material must have been obtained ; the first machine must have been made, by labour.' 'True. Capital owes its origin to labour ; but labour is in its turn assisted and improved by capital to such a degree, that its productiveness is incalculably increased. Our labourers could no more send shiploads of bar-iron abroad without the help of the furnace and forge, and machinery supplied by their masters, than their masters without the help of their labour.' 'Then the more valuable this capital is, the more abundant the material wrought, the more perfect the machinery, the better for the labourer. And yet all do not think so.' 'Because those who object to machinery no not perceive its true nature and office. Machinery, as it does the work of many men, or that which it would

take one man a long time to do, may be viewed as *hoarded labour*. This, being set to work in addition to natural labour, yields a greatly increased produce; and the gains of the capitalist being thus increased, he employs a yet larger portion of labour with a view to yet further gains: and so a perpetual progress is made.' 'Not without drawbacks, however,' said Armstrong: 'do not forget the consequent failure of demand.' 'That is only a temporary evil: for when the market is overstocked, prices fall; and when the price has fallen, more people can afford to buy than bought before, and so a new demand grows up. If printing and paper-making, for instance, were still unknown, we should have no newspapers; if the machinery were very imperfect, they would be so expensive as to be within reach of none but the wealthy; but, as the produce of both arts is abundant and therefore cheap, we find newspapers in every alehouse; and if it were not for a duty, which has nothing to do with their production, we should see them lying in many a cottage window. Thus the public are equally obliged to the owners of printing presses and their workmen. These workmen are obliged to the masters whose capital sets them to work; and the masters are obliged to their men for the labour which sets their presses going. All are gainers by the co-operation of labour and capital.'

It is impossible for any chain of reasoning to be more simple or more complete, more adapted to every capacity; and we beg to remind our readers that the assertions made in discourse are each developed in the course of most interesting narratives. The following instances are good in the way of contrast. We never value our own advantages till we measure them with the drawbacks upon others. We have often thought what most valuable book might be made, by contrasting the position of the English farmer, peasant, artisan, &c., with those in similar positions in other countries.

"I have seen more misery than I could easily give you an idea of, and that, too, in spite of the most indefatigable industry. In Languedoc, a province of France, there are mountains which are cultivated to the very top, by means which no one dreams of here; but those who cultivate them are miserably poor, because each possesses a piece of ground which can never, by the best management, be made to maintain a family. I have seen people carrying earth in baskets, on their backs, to the top of a mountain which was of itself too rocky for any thing to grow upon it.' 'That puts me in mind,' said the sergeant, 'of what I have heard about China. The people there are too numerous for the produce of the land, and therefore many are in the lowest depths of poverty. I am told that it is an uncommon thing there for a man to take possession of a ledge of rock which cannot be got at but by his companions letting him down by a rope from the mountain-top. They let down baskets of earth to him, which he spreads to a sufficient thickness, and then sows his rice, and he and his neighbours share the produce. There he hangs, poor creature! in the heat of the day, toiling on the burning rock, to raise a quantity of food which would not be thought worth the trouble of day's work in England.' 'But,' inquired a neighbour, 'why do they spend their labour in any such way? There must be some better means of getting their bread.' 'In such a case as that in Languedoc, of which I was speaking,' said Joe, 'the people are attached to the soil, from its being their own. It is the custom there for

families to divide the paternal property, and hence arises all this poverty. A man with a family may be well off with a farm of two hundred acres, and his two sons may do well enough on one hundred each; but when this one hundred is divided among five children, and then again among their five children, it becomes too small to be tilled with any advantage. And yet these young folks are deceived by the notion of having landed property; and they marry when the land is divided into roods, as readily as if they had a fine estate.'

From "Ella of Garveloch" we shall try to select a portion of the story, or we indeed do but imperfect justice to our author. Ella is a Highland maiden, who has for years been as a mother to her younger brothers; one of whom is, to use the touching and expressive Scotch phrase, an innocent. She and the elder one are speaking of paying their rent. Ronald says:—

"I should like to make Archie do it for once. Do you think we could teach him his lesson?" 'I will not have him tried,' said Ella, decidedly; 'Archie is not made to hold a money-pouch, or to have any worldly dealings.' 'Yet he brings in what helps to fill it.' 'And how innocently! It is his love for the things that God made that makes him follow sport. The birds are his playmates while they wheel round his head, and when he takes them on the nest he has no thought of gain; and evil be to him that first puts the thought into him! He strokes their soft feathers against his cheek, and watches the white specks wandering through the water like snow-flakes through the air. He does not look beyond the pleasure to his eyes and to his heart, and he never shall; and gold and silver are not the things to give pleasure to such an eye and such a heart, and he shall never know them.' 'Then he can never know how much he owes you, Ella, for the care you take of him. He little guesses how you have spun half the night to make his plaid, and won money hardly to find him a bonnet, and all the toil of your fishing, and grinding, and baking.' 'And why should he? He loves me, and all the better for not knowing why. He wears his plaid as the birds do their feathers; he feels it warm, and never thinks where it came from. He finds his barley-cakes and fresh water in his cave as lambs find clover and springs in their pasture. I see him satisfied, and like that he should love me for what costs me no toil—for singing when he is heavy, and for wearing what he brings me when he is merry. When he lays his hot head in my lap, or pulls my skirt to make me listen to the wind, I value his love all the more for its not being bought."

Again, in speaking of him to the landlord:—

"When we lived northwards, we always had three places at least where we might burn, according as the wind was; and if it so happened that the smoke would blow towards the cottage, Ella used to take Archie, and sometimes my father, to a place in the rocks where they might sleep in their plaids." 'And no great evil,' said Ella, 'in summer nights when the red twilight gleamed on the peaks till midnight. I shall do it again when the wind is perverse, and the keeping must go on. The worst of it is that Archie loves sleep no better than I on such nights.' 'Is he frightened at being away from home?' 'O no! but he watches the fires till they smoulder. If it is calm for a few minutes, so that the tall flame can shoot up from among the smoke, you might think you saw that very flame in his eyes.'

'He is ever on the watch for such fires,' said Fergus. 'It was but lately that he pointed to the northern lights, one clear evening, and told me that keeping time was come again over the sea.' 'Why do you not carry him somewhere out of sight of the fires?' asked the laird; 'does he know the purpose of the removal too well to be satisfied?' 'He does, your honour; and, more than that, he must not be crossed in his love of what is beautiful to the eyes that God gave him. God has given him pleasures of his own, and he shall never be stinted in them by me.'"

We shall preface the last scene, by observing that Ella was just on the point of marriage with Angus; and we must say, we think her avowal of long-hidden affection the very perfection of simple pathos.

"Your sister's wheel has never stood still all this while," said Angus to the lads. 'She shames us for being so idle. What shall we do next?' All bustled about upon this hint, and Ronald and Fergus made haste to their outdoor employments, supposing that Angus would accompany them. After letting them go out, however, he softly closed the door, and returned to Ella's side. He found no great difficulty in removing her feelings of displeasure at his long silence, when it was in his power to prove that he had indeed not been silent while he could persuade himself that he had encouragement to write. When Ella heard that he had been working for her all these five long years—that he had supported his hopes upon their tacit agreement when they parted—that he had returned for her sake alone, having no other tie than the natural love of country; when, moreover, he declared his willingness to settle in this very place, and adopt her sisterly cares as his own;—when he kissed Archie's forehead, and promised to cherish him as tenderly as herself, Ella had nothing to say. She shed tears as if she had been broken-hearted, instead of finding healing to a heart sorely wounded; and the only thing Angus had to afflict him, was the thought how much each had suffered. 'They that have called me proud and severe,' said Ella, when she began to return his confidence, 'little knew what a humbled spirit I bore within me, and how easily I feared I should forgive at the first word. They little guessed, when they bid me not be so careful and troubled about whatever happened, that all these things were like motes in the sunbeam to me, compared with the hidden thoughts from which my real troubles sprang. When they half laughed at me and half praised me to my father, as being like a mother to these growing lads, they did not know that it was because I spent on them the love I could not spend as a wife, nor how glad I was that my cheek withered, and that years left their marks upon me, that I might fancy myself more and more like their mother indeed. If you see me grow young again, and be made sport of like a girl by these tall youths,' she continued, smiling through her tears, 'you will have to answer for it, Angus. Will you take the venture? You were ever the merry one, however, and my part was to be grave for us both. Are we to play the same part still, to keep the brothers in order?'

We shall only premise that it is the wedding jaunt they are speaking of.

"Take care of yourself and Archie till the morn," said Ronald, "and then be up with the sun—bright may he shine!—and see us cut across the sound; and be sure ye await us at the quay, for that is where ye must get on board." 'It will save us a circuit if we push

off from the quay now,' said Fergus; 'since we have to bear down due south some way, and we can easily carry the boat over the bar.' Angus thought the same. Just as they were hoisting the bark on their shoulders, the young Murdochs came up; Rob to ask a passage a little way down the sound, and the girls to keep Ella company for a while. 'Archie is in his merriment to-day,' said one; 'he has scarce ceased dancing since he heard the music.' 'He knows what is doing now,' observed the other; 'see him climbing to the top to see them push off.' The girls and Ella then walked slowly up the path from the beach to a point whence they might watch the boat set off, and trace it for a considerable way. It was bright and serene afternoon; there were no rough gales abroad, and the swell of the sea was no greater than in the calmest days of that region. The air was so clear, that the mountain lights and shadows were distinctly visible, as their peaks rose one behind another on the eastern horizon. Within the shadow of the Storr the water was of the deepest green, while beyond, long streaks of glittering light extended from island to island, and grew broader as the sun descended. The little boat pushed off from the quay in good style, with two pair of oars, the three boatmen of Ella's household having waved their bonnets and cheered before they stepped in, in honour of the spectators. It was necessary to pull strongly and evenly till they should have crossed the rapid current which flowed round the Storr; but Rob, heedless of this, and remembering that he had not cheered and waved his bonnet, suddenly started up, threw down his oar, destroyed the balance, and upset the boat. What shrieks rang from rock to rock, as the bark tumbled in the current, and the rowers were borne, in spite of their struggles, down, down, far and fast, by the sweeping waters! Ella clasped her hands above her head, and uttered no sound after the first shriek. Her companions ran hither and thither with loud lamentations. The people at the farm did what these girls should have done; they ran down with all speed to desire Murdoch to get out his boat. 'There's one safe!' cried Meg; 'the rock is but just above the water, but he is sitting upon it.' 'O God!' groaned Ella, 'save me from praying which it may be!' Another soon appeared on the same point; but nothing could yet be seen of the other two. Archie had beheld all this, and more: he could overlook Murdoch's proceedings also from his pinnacle. He was strongly wrought upon; for no one understood better the signs of emotion, whether or not he understood the cause. He acted with rapidity and strength, as if suddenly inspired by reason; but, alas! his energy could only manifest itself in the way of imitation. The moment he saw Murdoch's boat hastily launched, he ran down to his 'floating-place,' as he called it, rolled his cask into the water, and got into it. Murdoch alone saw him standing up and waving his bonnet, before he reached the eddy, which could not but be fatal to him. The cask came up again, empty, and floated round the point, as Archie had no doubt foreseen it would, and at length arrived within Fergus's reach, and was the means of saving him. He clung to it, not aware of the nature of the friendly support, till taken up by Murdoch's boat. The two who had reached the rock were Angus and Ronald; and Rob had had his wits so sharpened by the plunge, as to perceive that he had better not leave hold of the ear he had clung to at first. He, too, was taken up; so that Ella believed that all had come safe out of this awful peril,

she alone being ignorant of what had happened at the Storr. When she joined her brothers on the beach, they stood a moment aloof from her embrace, with countenances in which there was as much of solemn compassion as of grief. Angus was down upon his face; Murdoch alone uttered a few broken words. It was some time before she could comprehend or would believe what had happened; and then she was the only one who retained her self-command. An expression of unspeakable anguish passed over her countenance as Fergus mourned that he had been saved by Archie's loss. 'Nay, Fergus,' said she, 'let us leave it to Him who guides us, to shew whose life had best be taken, and whose left. God knows I strove for this before I knew His pleasure; and now that we do know it, let us question neither the purpose nor the means. Let us devoutly bless Him that you are here.' While Angus took her home, the neighbours dispersed in search of the body, which could not, however, be found, and was supposed to have been carried by the current far out of reach. When all had gone home for the night, and her companions had for some time retired to hide their grief, or to forget it for a while in sleep, Ella stole out alone, and passed the night among the rocks; a night whose natural beauty was worthy to succeed to that of the day that was gone. It was light; and this it was which, giving the faint hope of recovering the body, took Ella abroad. The red lights of the west had not wholly vanished when the gray dawn began to glimmer, while, in mid sky, the stars twinkled as if in rivalry of the sparkles below. The sea was, as it often is in that region, highly luminous; and as Ella sat watching the eddy within which Archie had sunk, her eye marked, and not without pleasure even now, the gleam which broke on the crest of every wave, and was scattered in showers of sparkles as far as the spray could reach. There she was found by Angus at day-break. 'You have not been in his cave?' said he. 'No,' replied Ella. 'I will go there first when you and the lads have left me.' 'Left you! and when will that be?' 'In a few hours, I hope,' she replied, smiling. 'I must see that Archie is still honoured by being kept apart from that in which he had no share. The business of our days went on without him while he lived, and it shall go on now, if it were only to shew that he bore no part in it. You must perform your promises to our neighbours, Angus, and discharge their business, and then you can come back to me with an easy mind.' 'I will,' replied Angus; 'and I will not ask you to go with me this time. It is for you to say whether there is cause for your remaining behind.' 'There is; this once,—not longer, Angus. I cannot give up the hope of laying Archie beneath the cross beside my father. This will either be done or given up before your next voyage, and then I will go.' For some hours of the morning of their intended marriage-day, Angus and Ella were wandering along the shores, engaged in the most melancholy search in which eye and heart can be employed. At length Angus pointed to a sign which could scarcely be misunderstood. He had observed an osprey winging its flight for some distance over the sea, and now perceived that it was joined by another, and that both were hovering as if about to stoop. Endeavouring to scare them with cries, he hastened onwards, followed by Ella, for some distance towards the south-west, and succeeded in finding the object of their search. Archie lay, as if asleep, on a beach of fine sand, still grasp-

ing the bosom of his plaid, which contained the gathered treasures of the day.—Long were those weeds and feathers kept as memorials of Archie's pleasures: they were Ella's only hoard. Angus returned from his first voyage with the lads in safety, and in time to lay Archie's head in the grave. This done, Ella acknowledged that no duty remained to prevent her fulfilling all her promises. She accompanied him the next week to Oban, and returned her wife.'

We need scarcely point attention to the various talent displayed even in this extract—the uncommon mixture of clear reasoning and of deep pathos. Miss Martineau has all Miss Edgeworth's happy management of circumstances and their consequences, her rectitude of principle, her penetrating judgment, and her constant moral aim; but she has farther—a warm sensibility, a feeling for natural beauty, a richness of imagination, and a meek and earnest sense of religion. We know no library in which her works are not worthy to have place; and to the general class of readers their value is incalculable: for, to use Madame de Staél's fine expression, "There are ages to come for the good that truth will work;" and the truth is here set forth in a most attractive, yet most simple form.

How very highly we think of what she has done, the devotion of so large a portion of the *Literary Gazette* to five tiny volumes, of about 140 pages each, will testify. We were much struck by the first which appeared; and if we waited to wait it towards deserved popularity by our best report, it was only to see if similar excellence would mark its successors. We can now safely pronounce of the whole design and its execution, that they are admirable.

Select Library, Vol. VI.: Lives of Eminent Missionaries. By John Carne, Esq. 12mo. London, 1832. Fisher, Son, and Co.

We have mentioned this volume as forthcoming, in our *Literary Notices*, and we are glad now to speak of it from the perusal of several of the memoirs which it presents to the public—namely, those of John Eliot, and C. F. Swartz,* from which we can safely infer that these *Lives of Eminent Missionaries* will be, as they richly deserve, eminently popular. Mr. Carne has entered into the fine and pure spirit which animated the good men whose labours and adventures he records in an appropriate style; and he displays their religious feelings and zeal, without cant and without exaggeration. Thus his narrative is at once simple and interesting: it leads the reader along, his mind in the true tone for partaking in the incidents related, and gradually improved by the self-devoted example placed before his eyes in the humble and apostolic missionary.

Until the whole volume has been under consideration, we abstain from farther opinion; and only sustain what we have fairly said, by a quotation descriptive of the early proceedings of John Eliot, who in the summer of 1631 embarked for New England, and reached Boston in November; "so long were voyages oftentimes at that period," when steam was undreamt of. In 1646, having studied their language, and nobly prepared himself for the task, he set out on his mission to the wild Indians. A town was built, and civilisation advanced rapidly.

"It must be admitted (says Mr. Carne) that this people of the wilderness surrendered many feelings, and even passions, that were very

* The others are Hans Egede, Kiernander, Hocker, &c.

dear to them. Could any influence less than a divine one, induce them to yield the love of revenge, of war, of cruelty; the stealthy march through the forests, where scarcely a broken branch or crushed leaf betrayed their foot-step; the ambush, the surprise, the tomahawk and its deadly work: what were walled towns, and matted floors, and peaceful meals, to the burning and delicious excitement of this wild and savage life? The only obedience the chief of the Rechabites required of his people in the Scripture, was to drink no wine, and to live in tents in the wilderness, and never in walled towns; an artful blending of a bitter with a welcome thing—for the sweetness of a wandering and unfettered life would make the loss of wine a light privation: to this day (for their descendants still exist) they have never broken their vow. And who can persuade an Arab to leave his deserts and dwell quietly, even in a palace? But Eliot went forth to assail all that was dear to these stern and gloomy men. It was like Christian in the 'Progress' loosening the bars and bolts of the dwelling of Despair and Cruelty, and rushing forth at once into light and freedom. In the heart of the savage there lived also some noble and redeeming qualities; he could be faithful, even unto death, to the friend or the stranger who had dwelt beneath his roof, or sat under the shadow of the same tree. He could be generous also; could endure all tortures, rather than shew weakness or fear. 'An instance of this occurred,' says Bossu, 'when the French were in possession of New Orleans: a Chactaw, speaking very ill of them, said the Collapissas were their slaves; one of the latter, vexed at such words, killed him with his gun. The nation of Chactaws, the greatest and most numerous on the continent, armed immediately, and sent deputies to New Orleans to ask for the head of the murderer, who had put himself under the protection of the French. They offered presents, to make up the quarrel, but the cruel people would not accept any; they even threatened to destroy the village of the Collapissas. To prevent the effusion of blood, the unhappy Indian was delivered up to them: the Sieur Ferrand was charged with the commission. The Indian was called Tichou; he stood upright in the midst of his own people and of his enemies, and said, "I am a true man, that is, I do not fear death; but I pity the fate of a wife, and four children, whom I leave behind me very young; and of my father and mother, who are old, and for whom I got subsistence by hunting." (He was the best hunter in the nation.) He had hardly spoken the last word of this short speech, when his father, penetrated with his son's love, rose amidst the people, and spoke as follows:—"It is through courage that my son dies; but, being young and full of vigour, he is more fit than myself to provide for his mother, wife, and four little children—it is therefore necessary he should stay on earth to take care of them. As to myself, I am near the end of my career; I am no longer fit for any thing: I cannot go like the roebuck, whose course is like the winds, unseen; I cannot sleep like the hare, with my ears never shut: but I have lived as a man, and will die as such,—therefore I go to take his place.' At these words, his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and their little children, shed tears round the brave old man: he embraced them for the last time. The relations of the dead Chactaw accepted the offer: after that, he laid himself on the trunk of a tree, and his head was cut off with one stroke of a hatchet. Every thing was

made up by this death; but the young man was obliged to give them his father's head: in taking it up, he said to it, 'Pardon me thy death, and remember me in the country of spirits.' All the French who assisted at this event were moved even to tears, and admired this noble old man."

Speaking of Eliot himself, Mr. C. quotes Mather, and proceeds, "Eliot, Mather quaintly writes, 'was on such ill terms with the devil, as to alarm him grievously with the sound of his voice, when it rung, like a silver trumpet, through the silent forests and wastes, so as to draw the people from all sides to him.' His influence over their minds was certainly astonishing; and the simplicity of his intentions, the ardour of his spirit, and his dependence on Divine aid, were, no doubt, not a little assisted by the appearance of the outward man: and his eloquence and power in preaching increased, perhaps unconsciously to himself. To a man of strong imagination, these sermons in the wilderness borrowed 'wings, and light, and glory,' from the scenery around. If Wesley's discourses were observed to possess more vigour and beauty when he stood on the rugged shores of Cornwall, with the wild rocks and the wilder waves on every side, much more did Eliot, when he spoke in the bosom of the eternal forests of America, or, on the shore of her mighty rivers. No man could tell of the 'things of immortality,' in such scenes, with the wave, the boundless plain, the awful gloom of the forests, like that of the shadow of death—the dark, solemn, and listening circle of warriors around—without feeling his fancy kindle, and his heart burn within him; how then felt Eliot, who wept night and day that he might bring the Indians to God?"

From the success of his labours, Eliot received the title of "Indian Evangelist," and a society was instituted at home to assist "the propagation of the Gospel in New England." Mechanics were sent out to instruct the savages in the useful arts. Eliot translated and printed the Bible in their language; and the Psalter had great influence upon them. But we cannot here trace the variety and extent of his persevering efforts for more than the quarter of a century. "In the year 1674, the number of towns and settlements, in which industry, comfort, good order, and the best instruction, were established, amounted to more than twelve, when an unforeseen event happened, that threw a cloud over all his prospects. This was the war in which the colonists of New England were involved with Philip, son of Massasoit, the celebrated chief, and, for the last years of his life, the firm friend of the English. 'O, thou sword of the wilderness, when wilt thou be quiet?' says Mather, forgetful that it was bared by the aggressions of the settlers, as well as by the fierce and restless spirit of the Indian prince. Ever since the foundation of the colonies, the former had conducted themselves, says more than one divine of the period, with great kindness to their heathen brethren. The truth of this assertion is very doubtful. The missionary took no part in the disputes, save to urge his countrymen to forbearance and peace. * * * *

"Ere matters came to a fatal extremity, and all the evils of war were let loose on his settlements, Eliot did his utmost to turn them aside; he saw that many of his people would inevitably be involved with one party or the other. His town of Pakeunit was very near Mount Hope; he had visited the latter during the life of Massasoit; and though he felt not the same regard or esteem for his son, a friendly inter-

course had subsisted between them. His applications to the colonists for peace being fruitless, he resolved to try them also on the former. A few miles only distant, the encampment of the Indians around their Mount was distinctly visible from Pakeunit; and Eliot, with two or three of his people, went to have an interview with the chieftain. Philip respected his character, though he disliked his proceedings, for he had always treated his mission with contempt and slight; among the warriors, however, both of his own and other tribes, were many who had heard Eliot preach, and had received him beneath their roof. The interview was without any success; the spirit of the Indian was made up to the desperate struggle, and all that could be done was to beseech him to spare the settlements of the converts. The contrast between the two men must have been sufficiently striking. Philip was in the prime of life, with a frame nerved by early hardship, and the usages of savage warfare, in which he was very expert; he was dressed like his chiefs, save that he wore a silver-laced tunic, or coat, and that his arms were more rich; his chief ensign of dignity was his princely, yet cruel and gloomy features, where the thirst of revenge was stamped. The frame of the missionary was not bowed even by seventy years, though they had turned his hair white; the leathern girdle was about his loins that he always wore, and the simple apparel that he loved; he stood among these fierce and exasperated men as calm and fearless as in his own assembly at Naticke: he could not but foresee the devastation about to be let loose on the land; that the fire and the sword would waste all his pleasant places, and scatter his converts; and he returned with a heavy heart to his home."

Eliot lived to the age of ninety, and to repair many of the evils caused by this war, the accounts of which are most characteristic and deeply interesting. "When he could no longer leave his dwelling, the ruling passion was strong to the last; he caused a young Indian, in his primitive ignorance and darkness, to dwell with him, and, as life ebbed away, he occupied himself in teaching him passages from the Scripture, with as much ardour and diligence as if a chief of the desert was before him. A fever, with which he was attacked, compelled him to lay aside this employment, and he lay in the extremity of his sufferings. One who had known little pain till the age of ninety, this bodily agony fell heavily; but he said that death was no more to him than sleep to a weary man. 'The evening clouds are passing away,' he said; 'the Lord Jesus, whom I have served, like Polycarp, for eighty years, forsakes me not. O, come in glory! I have long waited for that coming; let no dark cloud rest on the work of the Indians; let it live when I am dead.' Ere his voice failed for ever, the last words it uttered were, 'Welcome! Joy!' and his toils were finished at nearly the age of ninety; what was yet a greater mercy, with a mind strong and unclouded to the close. His death produced a powerful impression in New England; it fell like a sudden surprise and alarm on the people, though they must have long looked for it. 'Bereaved land,' says a writer of the time, 'where are thy tears at this ill-boding funeral?' How hard it was to find a spirit like his, was quickly seen. 'It is much to be lamented,' says the historian, 'that the zeal with which this work of mercy was conducted during his life, greatly diminished after his death. The distresses of the Indians, the encroachments of the English on their settle-

ments, and several other things of a painful nature, brought the missionary ardour to a severe trial.' These things existed during his life; but his talents, his unquenched enthusiasm, and exalted faith, mastered them all.'

We have only to add, that the volume contains also accounts of early missions to Tranquebar, Moravian missions, and other matters which cannot fail to make a strong impression on the public. The events are often so romantic, that the whole possesses a charm to attract even the reader for amusement, whilst the Christian world will be edified, and all improved by a familiar acquaintance with these striking travels and proceedings of very extraordinary men; and Mr. Carne has given himself a new and lasting claim to our gratitude by devoting his talents to so excellent a work.

Palgrave's Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth.—Saxon Period. 4to. Parts I. and II. Murray.

MR. PALGRAVE, by the extract from Locke, which he has adopted as a motto, informs us, that by commonwealth he means "not a democracy, or any form of government, but an independent community;" and then proceeds to discuss the constitution of the community of England. "Political events," he says, "generally occupy the first station in the pages of the historian; political institutions the second; with judicial policy and jurisprudence the third and last: but the character of the people mainly depends on their laws, and it is utterly impossible to obtain a correct view of the general administration of the state, unless we fully understand the spirit which pervades the community, and regulates the daily actions and doings of mankind." To all this we cordially adhere, and fully admit the truth, that legal history best illustrates political history, and that without a knowledge of the former, we can conceive but an erroneous idea of the latter.

Mr. Palgrave's first Part consists of twenty-one chapters, in which he gives the results of his investigations and researches, with his opinions. The second Part is an appendix of proofs and illustrations, consisting of original documents, with comments upon them. The work has been five years in the press!—a period which has produced portentous events. A second volume is promised, in which is to be discussed "the further progress of the commonwealth to the accession of the House of Stuart, when, with the exception of the jurisdiction of the council, the constitution may be said to have settled into its present form." We make no attempt to analyse and expound the very great mass of information collected in this volume respecting the political institutions of ancient Europe, the Celts, Belges, Welsh, Anglo-Saxons, Germans, Danes, Frisians, Swedes, Jutes, Angles, Franks, as well as the Goths and Visigoths of Italy and Spain;—all of which the indefatigable author has brought under the reader's consideration with great learning and industry, in such a way as will certainly add much to his reputation as an antiquary and historian.

The following panegyric on the English constitution is well put:—"In the fairest and most intelligent countries of Europe, the attainment of a form of government assimilated to the English constitution, is either earnestly desired or has been successfully carried into effect. The most splendid consequence of victory is the power of compelling a subject nation to adopt the laws and customs of the con-

queror; but how much prouder are the unstained triumphs which England has thus gained by the voluntary submission of her enemies, her rivals, and her friends?" Page 7. This was written in 1828; since which England herself has been busied with the subject of improving or changing these boasted institutions.

Mr. Palgrave has certainly convinced us, though it rather seems not himself, that the *witenagemot* was not legislative council, and that no legislative assembly, either hereditary or delegated, ever existed amongst our Anglo-Saxon ancestors; the Saxon kings might, and did, no doubt, consult their *witan*, or council, their wise men or nobles, as the absolute monarchs of Europe do their privy council: but no evidence has hitherto been adduced that those nobles had any inherent or any other legislative power, but what the will of the sovereign gave for the occasion. We therefore think Mr. Palgrave appears to have been influenced by the common patriotic infirmity of Englishmen, to whom their free and glorious constitution is "so much an object of veneration, and almost idolatry, that they cannot be satisfied to seek its origin amongst sources similar to those from which have sprung the institutions of other nations, but must search for it in the clouds and mists of antiquity, and the camps of their northern ancestors,—and, indeed, any where but in its true locality, and therefore have been led into a labyrinth of contradictions and anomalies."

In the Proofs and Illustrations, p. cxviii. *et seq.*, are given copies of certain Anglo-Saxon charters, with the names of the witnesses; to these, as side-notes, are attached "consent of the witenagemot," "confirmation of the witenagemot," and similar remarks—as if the author wished to infer that the consent or confirmation of the witenagemot was necessary to legalise these charters. The same might, we think, be said of the Norman charters, the *His testibus*, W. Canc. J. Thess., &c. &c.; yet hitherto no one has dreamed of considering these as any thing more than witnesses to the execution of the charter, and of the genuine character of the document. In p. cxxii. is a grant of *Æthelred*, Basileus of Britain A.D. 999, granting Cerne to the church of Abingdon, at the prayer of the great men, "*precatu optimatum meorum*," which is translated "at the prayer of the *witam*"; and at the end of the document is the side-note "confirmation of the *witam*," opposite the names of the witnesses.

"*His testibus consentientibus quorum infra nomina karaxuntur. Ego Æthelred Rex Anglorum hoc taumate agie crucis roboravi. Ego Ealfric Dorobernensis ecclesie archiepiscopus ejusdem Regis benevolentia subscrips. Ego Ealdulf Eboracensis ecclesie archipresul hilari vultu consensi. Ego Ælfheah presul sigillum sancti crucis impressi.* Other bishops corroboravi, consolodavi, confirmavi, dejunxi, annotavi, subscripsi, acqueivi, consignavi, non renui, conclusi. Ego Ælfrida mater ejusdem regis fauix extiti. Ego Æthelstan filius ejusdem regis non interdixi." Then follow the signatures, *Ego Uulfgar gaudens dictavi*, *Abbas*, four other abbots, and six ministers. We really cannot see the grounds on which Mr. Palgrave concludes these parties to be the *witenagemot*. The bishops and abbots would, with delighted countenances, approve of a grant to the church; but better evidence than these surmises—for they are nothing more than surmises—must be adduced before the legislative character is admitted; and we confess we are not satisfied that such conclusions should have

been drawn from such premises by any one so able and so accustomed to weigh the effect and import of evidence as Mr. Palgrave.

It appears a favourite hypothesis with Mr. Palgrave, that the Saxons derived from the conquered Britons a knowledge of the imperial Roman institutions; though we doubt much whether this theory can be sustained. At the time of the Saxon invasion the Britons were comparatively a civilised and Christian people; but we learn from Bede, that the Saxons for two centuries after were almost altogether illiterate, and received their Christianity and letters from Ireland; for what is called the Saxon character is substantially the same as that used in the most ancient Irish MSS.; and, indeed, is in use with the Irish to the present day. Our opinion is, that the Saxons nearly, if not entirely, extirpated the British race in the parts which they conquered, and despised them too much to adopt their manners or laws in any respect. Had the conquerors amalgamated with the conquered, it is almost impossible but that a part of the learning and acquirements of the Roman British people must have been imbibed by the succeeding generation of the conquerors; yet we find from Bede they were sunk into the lowest state of ignorance and illiterate barbarity.

Those parts of Mr. Palgrave's work which explain customs, and the peculiar administration of the criminal and municipal law of the Anglo-Saxons, are of great research and value; with, perhaps, a little want of arrangement, and a disposition to draw some conclusions rather fancifully and which the premises do not warrant. This, in the midst of the learning and industry every where so apparent, is, however, the only point against which the hypercritical antiquary can insinuate an objection. In all the rest, Mr. Palgrave is deserving of the highest praise, and his work of the utmost public consideration. The original documents he has printed as proofs are extremely curious and valuable, and throw light into many dark recesses which have hitherto eluded, and almost defied, investigation. The narrative of the suit of Richard de Anesty for the recovery of the lands of "William my Uncle," most graphically exhibits the manner of administering the laws, as well as the state of society, in the reign of Henry the Second; it is, however, too long for us to extract. The controversy between the Abbot of Battle and Hiliary, Bishop of Chichester, is also full of interest and valuable information. The laws of William the Conqueror in the Latin text, now first published from the Harleian MS. No. 744, in juxta-position with the French copy from the Holkham MS. No. 228—are also of great worth and importance; as is the summary of Anglo-Saxon history, or tables of the succession of the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Pictish, and Scottish princes, which will greatly facilitate the acquirement of the true history of those times: without such help it could scarcely be accurately understood.

We are, indeed, but just now beginning to ascertain the true history of the early periods of our national existence. The ponderous tomes published by the Record commission have demonstrated that the history of England still remains to be written; and although they have, we believe, cost the nation much more than they ought, and may not have been executed as perfectly as they might have been, yet we trust they will not be altogether abandoned, but that the new commissioners will, with due economy and circumspection, at all events, have every document of historical value transcribed.

Mr. Palgrave's second volume will embrace the period in which Sir William Betham, in his work which we reviewed in last year's *Gazette*, has treated of the origin and progress of the constitutional legislature of the United Kingdom. In our No. 738 (p. 166), convinced of the justness of the views of that gentleman, we expressed our belief that his work would become a class-book; we therefore feel no small self-complacency that our prophecy has been so soon fulfilled. J. S. Park, Esq., the learned and judicious professor of law at the King's College, in his lecture on the 6th of January (to whose own production we also so lately referred), told his class, that from the reports of the Lords' Committees on the dignity of the peerage, and the recent publication by Sir William Betham, "he thought they would gain a clearer conception of the real character of the early periods of the constitution than from any other existing publication on the subject."

To this we have now to add all the mass of intelligence for which we are indebted to Mr. Palgrave's labours: intelligence which is of that sterling kind that it may be for ever resorted to with advantage when questions connected with our ancient national history are investigated.

Froissart and his Times. By the late Barry St. Leger, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

This is a pleasant collection of tales from Froissart, that most naïve and amusing of historians. To these are prefixed introductions, taking modern views of those ancient times, and pointing out their errors. The arrangement of the work has been intrusted to Mr. Beazley, who has evidently bestowed much pains and industry on his task. But while we admit the crimes that disfigured the period, and the necessity of guarding the mind against being dazzled by the romance of chivalry, we also think the writers before us have run into the opposite extreme. While setting forth the horrors of war, they do not sufficiently remember that war was then a necessary evil, and that while the sword was the only protection, it was a natural consequence that it would be rendered even undue honour. Again, it is true that the professors of chivalry often did not act up to their own principles; still, those principles were all that subdued or softened the spirit of the time. We have made no extract, as we take it for granted that the majority are familiar with the Chronicles of Froissart; and shall only recommend these volumes to our juvenile readers. They will find an immense mass of information most agreeably arranged.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for Promoting Useful Knowledge. Vol. III. New Series. 4to. pp. 511. Philadelphia. Published for the Society.

As this is the only volume of the Transactions of this Society which we have seen, we cannot speak of its general transactions, except in so far as we may judge from the single specimen before us, the contents of which belong partly to the physical and partly to the moral sciences. The papers are nineteen in number, and of the following description:—

"Experiments to determine the Comparative Quantities of Heat evolved in the Combustion of the Principal Varieties of Wood and Coal used in the United States for Fuel."

"A Grammar of the Language of the Lenni Lenape, or Delaware Indians."

"Description of Eleven New Species of North American Insects."

"Description of Six New Species of the genus *Unio*.

"On the Geographical Distribution of Plants.

"An Account of some Human Bones found on the Coast of Brazil, near Santos.

"Some Observations on the Moulting of Birds.

"Experiments made on the Poison of the Rattlesnake.

"On the Motions of Solids on Surfaces, in the Two Hypotheses of Perfect Sliding and Perfect Rolling, with a particular Examination of their small Oscillatory Motions.

"General Observations on the Birds of the Genus *Tetrao*.

"Conchological Observations on Lamarck's Family of *Naiades*.

"Some further Experiments on the Poison of the Rat-tailed Magpie.

"Description of a New Genus of the Family of *Naiades*, including Eight Species, four of which are New.

"Remarks on the Use of the Maxilla in Coleopterous Insects."

"Description of a New Species of the Genus *Astacus*.

"Notice of an Anatomical Peculiarity observed in the Structure of the Condor of the Andes (*Vultur gryphus*, Linna.)

"On the Construction of Eclipses of the Sun.

"Description of a Fragment of the Head of a New Fossil Animal, discovered in a Marl Pit near Moorestown, New Jersey.

"Description of a New Genus and New Species of Extinct Mammiferous Quadruped."

This list exhibits the nature of the inquiries on which our American brethren are engaged; and most of the papers display both philosophical ability and assiduous investigation—the only foundations for just deductions and useful knowledge.

Mr. Isaac Lea's memoir on the genus *Unio* is of considerable merit as an essay on natural history; and was, we think, noticed very favourably in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. The Indian grammar is also a curious contribution to our philological stores; but we must be content with general praise, seeing that these papers defy extract or illustration in our usual manner.

Illustrations of Aristotle on Men and Manners, from the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare. By J. Esmond Riddle, M.A. 1832. Oxford, Parker; London, Rivington.

An elegant classical exercise in a modest dress. Translations of the Greek quotations would make such a little volume as popular as it is delightful; and an extension of the design might be one of the most interesting publications that can be conceived. Then would not the comparison be between only two mighty minds, but an inexhaustible record of the truth and force with which human nature had assimilated genius in all times and tongues. But who could do this?

Popular Zoology; comprising Memoirs and Anecdotes of the Animals in the Zoological Society's Menagerie, with Figures, &c. &c. 18mo. pp. 391. Hatchard and Son; Simpkin and Marshall; Andrews; N. Hailes.

WHEN we say that this volume is printed for John Sharpe, we have assured readers that it is an extremely neat and handsome performance. The embellishments by Williams are excellent, though, in some instances, a little formal; the text amusing; the whole a pleasing guide to the Gardens; and, as far as it goes, a good manual of natural history.

The Mother's Medical Guide, &c. By the late R. Bradford and H. C. Bradford, M.R.C.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 76. London, 1832. Hatchard. In a country where excellent medical advice can every where be obtained, no consideration should, in our opinion, lead a mother to trust to herself for the removal of many of the severe complaints which are disposed of in the little work before us,—as if the human frame

could be breathed upon, and its evils dispelled. These considerations originate in pure humanity and philanthropy; but we are sorry to find, independently, that the advice given by the author for the treatment of many diseases, though in a few cases good, is almost always quite inadequate and incomplete; and we really cannot lend ourselves to instilling any kind of confidence, which, being founded in error, might be productive of mischief.

Tales and Novels. By Maria Edgeworth. Vol. III. *Moral Tales*, Vol. II. London, 1832. Baldwin and Co.

THIS pretty volume is worthy of its predecessors; and we must say, that library is incomplete which is without this elegant edition of so valuable a writer.

Byron's Narrative of the Loss of the Wager; with an Account of the great Distresses suffered by Himself and his Companions on the Coast of Patagonia, from the year 1740 till their Arrival in England in 1746. Pp. 219. London, 1832. Leggat and Co.

WHAT a favourite this book was of ours, and we doubt not of every juvenile reader into whose hands it may have fallen! No wonder it should have taken such hold on Lord Byron's mind: the poet, who clung with imaginative fondness to the honour bequeathed by his ancestors, would obviously be doubly impressed by the heroic bearing of the gallant admiral, when that admiral was his own grandfather. A taste for nautical adventure is a striking peculiarity in many of his poems; and to the pages before us this taste may fairly be ascribed. This edition is very neat, and brought out at a most judicious time, when every thing that can throw light on our great poet's mind must be of interest to the public. It will be an interesting companion to Murray's beautiful edition.

Selections from the Speeches and Writings of Lord Brougham. 8vo. pp. 259. London, Ridgway.

THE Selections are very good, and afford fair grounds for estimating the various and commanding talents of the eminent man from whom they emanated on many important occasions. The memoir of Lord Brougham prefixed, we are sorry to say, is very erroneous; as may be found by comparing it with the corrected sketch in *Fisher's Portrait Gallery*: for instance, it is here stated that Mr. Brougham went with Lord Hutchinson to St. Omer's, in June 1820, to negotiate with Queen Caroline; which is not the fact, though repeated in all previous biographies which we have seen.

Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden. 8vo. pp. 601. Second Edition. London, Longman and Co.

WE are glad to meet with a new edition of this valuable work, which contains all that the cultivator of fruit and vegetables can desire to know.

An Offering of Sympathy to Parents bereaved of their Children, &c. 18mo. pp. 228. London, Simpkin and Marshall; Derby, Mozeley and Son.

A WELL-MEANT compilation of original and selected matter, to anticipate, in some measure, the effect of time upon the afflicted mind. It is from an American book, and deserves circulation in both countries.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE last meeting of the session took place on Wednesday week; the president, Mr. Murchison, in the chair. The Earl of Munster and others were admitted fellows.

Observations on the London clay of the Highbury Archway, by Mr. N. T. Wetherell, were read; and the remainder of the evening was occupied in the description of certain splendid remains of a Megatherium, collected and brought home by Mr. Woodbine Parish, late chargé d'affaires at Buenos Ayres, and found on the Rio Salado, about eighty miles distant from that place. A memoir, explanatory of the bones of this huge edentatus animal, by Mr. Clift, pointed out many parts, particularly the tail, as occurring among these remains, which are wanting in the well-known skeleton at Madrid. In the discussion that followed, the Rev. Dr. Buckland gave a very instructive exposition of the supposed habits of this giant of the *edentata*,—shewing that, while the bulk of many of its limbs far exceeded that of the corresponding parts of the elephant, the animal, judging from its osteology, was closely related to the sloth and to the ant-eater. Numerous other fossil remains were exhibited; and the most remarkable donation was a cast of the *Plesiosaurus dilophodus*, presented by Mr. Edward Hawkins, being the most perfect specimen of this species of Saurian which has ever been discovered. In allusion to the zoological subjects that were brought before the Society, all of which had been so ably expounded by Cuvier, the president took occasion to express the deep sense entertained by all geologists of the irreparable loss they had sustained in the death of that illustrious naturalist. The first Wollaston gold medal was exhibited, and the execution of the bust by Mr. Wyon highly approved. The rooms were crowded; and the Society adjourned till November.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq., in the chair. Read supplementary observations to the paper on the fecundation of *Orchidea* and *Asclepiadea*, already laid before the Society by Mr. Robert Brown. At the last meeting for the session, held on Tuesday evening, there was read a description of two species of fresh-water fish, not hitherto characterised, from Lancashire, by Mr. Yarrell, whose great knowledge of ichthyology is well known to the scientific world. One of these species is the *grainie*,—fish allied to the *dace*, but differing in its more slender form and colour, besides other characters. It has been noticed by Pennant, but neither named nor described by him; and Mr. Yarrell has therefore proposed for it the name of *Leuciscus isabellinus*. The other species is entirely new, and for it he proposes the appellation of *Azurine*, from its prevailing blue colour, and the systematic name of *Leuciscus caruleus*. The former is found in considerable plenty in the streams which fall into the Mersey below Warrington, and also in those which ultimately form the river Alt. The latter appears to be of much rarer occurrence, having been observed only in the township of Knowsley. For specimens of both species Mr. Yarrell is indebted to Lord Stanley, president of the Society. Flowering specimens of the *Fuchsia*, flowered gooseberry (*Ribes speciosum*), were exhibited from Mr. Lambert's collection at Boyton House, Wilts; and a plant, in full flower, of the curious genus *Francesia appendiculata*, was also exhibited from the Clapton nursery. Descriptions of both plants, by Mr. Don, were likewise read.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the President in the chair. Several papers were read; the first was an account of certain experiments with the magnetic needle on the western coast of Africa, by Captain Belcher, R.N. The author notices those frequent and sudden changes in magnetic intensity which take place in the neighbourhood of rocks of volcanic origin. In some cases, the needle suspended horizontally ceased to vibrate. The second was a curious paper on the substance called the "false tongue" in foals. This is a mass of coagulated albumen, found under the natural tongue; it has long been considered as a panacea by some, while others imagined it possessed talismanic powers: it is peculiar to the horse, and drops off soon after birth. The author is of opinion, that the absence of the substance causing a want in the mouth, the animal is directed to the teat as a substitute. The third paper was an account of the *ornithorhynchus*, or duck-billed quadruped of New Holland,—one of the most remarkable of the mammalia class. The author notices the opinions of Shaw, Blumenbach, Cuvier, St. Hilaire, and, more recently, those of our clever countryman Sir Everard Home. As there are instances on record of birds hatching the egg in the belly and bringing forth the living bird, it may be assumed that the *ornithorhynchus* is similarly characterised. It partakes more of the bird than of the quadruped. The titles of a number of other communications were read; amongst them there was one entitled "Hourly observations of the barometer, by Mr. Hudson;" a paper of great importance, from the valuable data it affords. Mr. Sadler, M.P., Lieut. Stratford of the Astronomical Society, and several other gentlemen, were introduced, and took their seats for the first time as fellows. The meetings were adjourned over the long vacation.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

M. R. HAMILTON in the chair. Mr. Faulkner of Chelsea exhibited an impression of the great seal of John, Lord Mowbray, *temp. Edward II.*—a fine specimen of the baronial seals of that period. The arms of his maternal ancestors (Clare and Braose) are introduced on the reverse, on banners placed on each side the shield of Mowbray. It was accompanied by a descriptive letter from Mr. John Gough Nichols; who also communicated a refutation of the late Mr. Hamper's conjecture on the inscription of the Croyland boundary stone, and a correction of the same gentleman's explanation of that on the seal of Kenilworth Priory. Mr. Knight communicated a description of Roman and other antiquities, of infinite variety, and the remains of the Roman road of Watling-street, discovered in making excavations for the New London Bridge and its approaches, illustrative of several drawings and plans exhibited by him. Mr. Ellis read a continuation of letters addressed to Lord Burleigh on the subject of the printers' monopolies, and complaining of infringements of patents and copyrights. Adjourned till November.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

The festival of this Society was celebrated a few days ago at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's; the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn,

the president, in the chair, supported by the warm friends of the Institution; amongst these were Earl Munster, Sir Alexander Johnston, and many others. The toasts and sentiments were in connexion with literature and science; — the Oriental Translation Fund, the Asiatic Societies of Paris, of Calcutta, and of Bombay, &c.; the health of the chairman, and of Mr. Haughton the honorary secretary, who officiated as vice-chairman, were likewise given, as was that of Mr. Mackenzie, the son of the author of the "Man of Feeling." Mr. Mackenzie's health was very warmly received, and he acknowledged the honour in that unassuming manner for which his celebrated father was so remarkable.

The paper read at the last meeting was an account, by Col. Sykes, of the traditions, antiquities, and natural history of Hurreechandurg, a hill fort situated above the ghauts, about fourteen miles N.W. of Joonur. Colonel Sykes first visited it in 1818, and a second in 1826. Its antiquities are chambers cut in the rock, tanks, and temples originally dedicated to Siva, but subsequently used for the worship of Vishnu. The hill is entirely of the trap formation. After describing its natural productions, the author details some observations on its temperature at the top, in a village at its foot, and at Poona, several miles distant, of which a table is annexed to the paper.

The anniversary meeting of the subscribers to the Oriental Translation Fund takes place to-day.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Seventh and concluding Notice.)

In the Library, besides the architectural examples intended for the adept, there are some painted for the general eye, and the pictorial character of which is therefore subject to our notice; as

No. 968. *An Idea of the Staircase leading to the Gates of Heaven. From Milton's Paradise Lost.* J. Gandy, A.—In our admiration of the fine talents which Mr. Gandy has frequently evinced, and in our regret at the neglect which those talents have experienced, we yield to none; but in the present instance we are bound by justice to say that he has allowed his imagination to run riot, and that, instead of the sublime he has stumbled upon the ridiculous.

No. 992. *Architectural Ruins, a Vision.* Sir J. Soane, R.A.—A clever drawing, with a rich and harmonious tone of colour; but not possessing much of the "visionary."

No. 996. *Pompeian Fragments.* T. Scandrett.—Brought together with great skill; and interesting from their form and variety in both character and tone.

No. 1025. *Sketch of an Idea from the Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides.* J. Gandy, A.—Such ideas satisfy the mind, and are no less pleasing to the sight.

No. 1095. *Monument.* G. G. Wyatville.—As laconic in its title as it is simple and imposing in its effect.

No. 1099. *View of the approved Design for a Chapel, to be erected at Kensall Green, for the General Cemetery Company.* H. E. Kendall.—Independently of its architectural merits, the construction of the building, and the scenery by which it is surrounded, render it highly attractive as a work of art. As a burial-place, the contemplation of it will excite other associations.

To the lovers of numismatic compositions, the windows of the Library will furnish much

gratification. Among other beautiful specimens of this art are—No. 1048, *Impressions from a pair of Medal-dies for the Winchester College prize-medal*, S. Clint; No. 1049, *Impressions from the Great Seal of England*, B. Wyon; No. 1054, *Medallic Portraits of Lord Brougham and Vaus—an impression from a die, from a Bust by E. H. Baily, Esq. R.A.*, A. J. Stothard; No. 1080, *The Coronation Medal, the Royal Academy of Arts prize-medal, and the Botanical prize-medal of the Society of Apothecaries of London*, W. Wyon, A.; No. 1084, *Three Intaglio Gems: Portraits of His Majesty, the Duke of York, and the Marquess of Anglesey; with impressions of the same; the property of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex*, J. De Veaux.

The Council-room contains several beautiful models of churches, public buildings, mansions, &c.; one of the most striking is, *Model of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea*, Miss Bessemes.

We will now conduct our readers into the Model Academy, with a previous assurance that they will there meet much that will delight them. One of its principal features is

No. 1171. *Statue in Marble of the Right Hon. George Canning, executed, by Subscription, for his Friends and Admirers in Liverpool; and to be erected in the Town-Hall*. F. Chantrey, R.A.—Certainly one of the most dignified statues that have ever appeared in this place. Its character and bearing seem to supersede the necessity of any thing decorative or ornamental in costume. Elevated and self-collected, the lamented orator and statesman gathers round him his simple robe; the folds of which aid the composition, while they do not encumber the figure. We are not aware of the situation in which it is proposed to place this noble statue at Liverpool; but we are quite sure that a single inch higher than that in which it now stands will be injurious to its effect.

No. 1214. “*'Tis only Nature lulled to Sleep.*” E. H. Baily, R.A.—From the upright we are called to the recumbent by as charming a model as ever met our admiring eyes. From the head to the extremities, it is one line of grace and beauty; but every other fine quality which it possesses is surpassed by the expression of the countenance, to which the epithet “divine” may be applied with as much justice as to any of the most celebrated productions of ancient art. Since his “Eve,” Mr. Baily has never executed so interesting a subject.

No. 1177. *Statue to the Memory of Field-Marshal Earl Harcourt, G.C. B., to be placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor*. R. W. Sievier.—There is an identity (if we may use the expression) in this statue which must give it a high value in the eyes of all who knew the venerable original. The robes are well disposed, and are not of a character unsuitable to sculpture.

No. 1178. *The Gipsy, a Statue in Marble*. R. Westmacott, R.A.—Mr. Westmacott has given to his figure an elevation of sentiment more suited to a Grecian nymph than to one of the erratic tribe. It is, however, an admirable specimen of his taste and skill.

No. 1187. *Venus and Cupid*. J. Dinham.—A circular sketch, tastefully composed, and well deserving of becoming a finished work.

No. 1211. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. W. Pitt.—A whimsical, and by no means an unsuccessful, essay of the artist's talents in the ludicrous. Puck, upon his mushroom throne, looking down with glee upon the minikin sprites by whom he is surrounded, forms altogether a clever group.

No. 1112. *Massacre of the Innocents*. E. G. Papworth. No. 1138, *A Group from the Murder of the Innocents*. (This group obtained the gold medal at the last distribution of premiums at the Royal Academy.) S. W. Arnald.—Whatever the merit of these and similar compositions, they are not subjects for the public eye; and can be viewed by the artist or amateur only as academic exercises.

No. 1159. *Duncan's Horses*. J. G. Lough.—An exceedingly spirited group, well calculated, in combination with Mr. Lough's former works, to shew his powers in the representation of energetic action.

No. 1172. *The Cymbal Player, a Statue in Marble*. R. Westmacott, jun.—We admire the fair proportion of this youthful figure, rather than the action, which is neither natural, nor in conformity with good composition.

No. 1225. *Model of part of a Monument erected to the Memory of the late Earl of Pomfret, at Easton, Northamptonshire*. E. H. Baily, R.A.—Though not very novel in form and attitude, this grave and contemplative figure displays the taste and the fine feeling which generally distinguish Mr. Baily's works.

No. 1132. *Statue of a Supplicating Virgin*. L. Macdonald.—Although strongly imbued with the sentiment of the antique, Mr. Macdonald has nevertheless given to this sweet figure the air of an original composition.

Among the busts distinguished for character or execution, are No. 1146, *Bust of the Earl of Harrowby*, W. Behnes; No. 1147, *Bust of John Crabb, Esq.*, J. Ternouth; No. 1150, *Bust in Marble of his Majesty*, J. Francis; No. 1166, *Marble Bust of Lady Ashley*, T. Campbell; No. 1169, *Marble Bust of the late Dr. Bell, Founder of the Madras System of Education*, S. Joseph; No. 1179, *Model of a Bust of a Young Lady*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; No. 1181, *Bust of Admiral Sir Richard Keats*, W. Behnes; No. 1183, *The Lord Augustus Fitzclarence*, T. Sharp; No. 1185, *Bust in Marble of the Earl of Essex*, J. Francis; No. 1199, *Marble Bust of a Lady*, R. Westmacott, jun.; No. 1204, *Bust of the Marquess of Bristol*, W. Behnes; No. 1206, *Bust in Marble of Colonel Wyndham, 10th Regiment of Hussars*, J. E. Carew. These, with No. 1216, *Statue of a Child*, S. Grimesby; No. 1220, *Sons of Betsy Thompson, Esq., M.P.*, R. J. Wyatt; and No. 1213, *Model of part of a Monument about to be erected at Millbrook, near Southampton, to the Memory of a Lady*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; and several by Turnerelli; are among the principal attractions of the sculpture department of the Royal Academy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury. No. III. If the embellishments of this pleasing topographical publication make no pretension to the higher qualities of art, they are at least curious, simple, and unaffected.

Practical Hints upon Landscape Gardening; with some Remarks on Domestic Architecture, as connected with Scenery. By W. S. Gilpin, Esq. 8vo. pp. 228. London, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

The name of Gilpin is inalienably associated with the improvement of English landscape and picturesque beauty, whether limited to the garden and shrubbery, or extended over large tracts of country. Nor will the present work, by an inheritor of that name, detract from its credit. On the contrary, we find it practical, judicious, temperate, and ruled by a fine and sound taste. The author begins at a more ele-

mentary point than his able predecessor, Sir Uvedale Price; and consequently his book may be consulted from first to last, from original idea to finish, by every one engaged in laying out and decorating grounds, in improving houses, and in spreading over distance the charms of varied scenery.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MORNING POST ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has hitherto been considered unrivalled in his descriptions of scenery; but a rival to his talents has lately started up, in the person of Mr. George Robins, and chiefly in the columns of the *Morning Post*. Week after week, landed property “lives in description, and looks green in song;” parks are unparalleled in perfection; and villas are equally domestic and delightful. But the imagination of the poet-auctioneer soared last Monday week to such a height, in describing the domains of “the respected proprietor of Greenway Mansion,” that we should not fulfil our profession, of taking a general view of literature in the *Gazette*, did we not notice this effusion. After stating that all tourists must retain a lively recollection of some of the scenery’s “imposing features,” he proceeds: “To such he feels that no apology will be due for this endeavour to extend the publicity and great renown of Greenway’s famed bay; nor will he be charged by those who have partaken of this great treat, with having too highly coloured the landscape that is to follow. To do it justice, and yet avoid the charge of making the picture too vivid, is by no means an easy task; and, conscious of the feeble hand that has to portray many of the beauties of this fairy land, it may in truth be stated that he approaches the task with almost fear and trembling. The mansion in its outward form is chaste and uniform; but it does not manifest the extraordinary comfort and good taste that prevails within. It is placed in a park of much natural beauty; its spreading foliage, and the delightful and rare inequality of the grounds, are protected on one side by hills of a fearful height; while the other extends to the almost impervious woods and plantations, which gently recline to the water’s edge. It is apprehended that there is no parallel case, where the stately oak is seen feathering to the ground, and, as it reaches the shore, proudly defying the wintry winds or summer heat. The healthy appearance of the woods is a pretty strong symptom indicative of health, and consequent longevity; and it may be added, that East Indians, and invalids disposed to pulmonary attacks, will find this abode a very great solace. The climate yields not in its influential powers to the south of France. The woodland scenery within this demesne extends itself in all directions, and is diversified by so much hill and aided by distant and mountain scenery, where the verdure is conspicuous to the mountain top, that it will not fail to remind the beholder of the beauty and wildness of Switzerland; while the River Dart, flowing in placid beauty, pursues its irregular and circuitous course, and winds in so many varied forms about this earthly paradise. Indeed, so perfect is the illusion, that it really puts on the appearance of enchantment rather than reality. The Yacht Club would recreate amid this splendid scenery, and yet be ever and anon pursuing their aquatic amusements; and for a grand regatta, the bay of Greenway affords the most irresistible claims. Little has yet been offered in praise of the mansion—custom

forbids a lengthened panegyric; it will suffice to say, that a nobleman, or retiring banker or merchant, will possess within this abode every thing that the most fastidious can desire. It fine, it would be to encounter a severe task to find out a comfort that is not conspicuous here. Salmon weighing 20 lbs. are frequently caught on this shore"!!!

From the poetry of natural, we proceed to that of artificial life: a sale at the Pantheon is thus announced. "Costly assemblage of furniture in the taste of Holland. It may be inviolable to compare the present style of England with the varied taste of Holland; but it is respectfully suggested, that the march of improvement, however dormant in other matters connected with our Dutch friends, is at least conspicuous here. It is, however, preferred that ocular demonstration be sought in preference to the imperfect praise of the individual to whom this property is consigned; and he therefore submits it to their decision, with an assurance that the company assembled will be the sole arbiters of their fate, and at such prices as they may in their wisdom think fit to give."

We must select a few other specimens of our author's talents from the sheet of the *Morning Post*, daily devoted to their exercise. It is modestly insinuated that the mansion house of Greenham Manor "may not pretend to all the consequence of Compton Castle, but it claims to partake all the qualifications essential to constitute a gentlemanly abode. The residence in the neighbourhood is known as the abode of hospitality and comfort. The property is in the very heart, or, what may be better understood, is in the *Garden of Somerset*. But even this is not all: the river Tone flows through this delightful little domain, quietly pursuing its irregular course, and not unfrequently (in time of need) affording most salutary and refreshing aid to the meadows contiguous. In fact, the only difficulty that could present itself, would be to discover what advantages it does not possess, and that to an eminent degree."

A tone of amiable candour pervades the next advertisement, recommending Dr. Munro's residence. It is stated that for twenty-three years it was found to be "fully equal to afford all the legitimate wants of *Dr. Munro's extensive family*." Next its dignity is vindicated; for "it should be observed, that this delightful place was never required for the doctor's professional pursuits; but it must not be disguised, that much of internal as well as external decoration will be required ere this *unpretending but happy seat of quietude and repose* will harmonise with the views of a family of importance." We had nearly omitted one great recommendation, that "it is most delightfully placed within one short mile of Bushy, thus participating in all the *agréments* of that social village, and sufficiently removed, so as not to be within the reach of any of the inconveniences arising from a too friendly intercourse"!!!

We regret that our limits forbid our doing justice to the deep feeling with which Mr. Robins paints his gratification at having "the good fortune to be directed by the executors of the Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby to offer for unreserved competition, THE LITTLE PARADISE, so long hallowed at the abode of friendship!" We have only space for the gravel-walk. "The wavy and shaded gravel-walk which encircles this Elysium is enriched with curious and rare shrubs and flowers. It is nothing in extent, but every

thing in grace and beauty, united with a great variety of foliage!"*

Such is the eloquence and the poetry with which the columns of the *Morning Post* abound! We have often admired the talents of Mr. Bull — how in prospective *The Democrat* seemed Mr. Attwood put into a novel — and how *Chantilly* excited the public mind to such a state of feverish curiosity, that really "serious consequences were expected." We have admired the versatility of Mr. Warren, who pressed all things into the service of his blacking, from the Emperor of Russia and his Cossacks to the cat and her kittens; but Mr. Robins takes a higher flight of poetical sublimity; and we conclude by applying to him the old epigram: —

"The power of Nature could no farther go —
To make a third she joined the other two."

N.B. Why is the river Dart like a dissipated young man? Because "it pursues irregular courses." We throw this out as a hint to our author.

FRANCE.

Population of France.—In France the census of the population is taken once in five years; and successive operations have proved, that it is one of the countries in which the increase is the slowest. The census of 1827 shewed an augmentation of about 1,400,000 inhabitants above that of 1822. The total returns in 1827 were 31,888,394: the census of 1832 giving a total of 32,560,934, the increase appears to be 702,540, which shews that the ratio of increase was but half in its intensity in these last five years; and yet it was already lower in France than in almost any other part of the civilised world. If this decrease were to continue, we should in ten years see the population of France retrograde, while it was advancing in all other parts of Europe. It is already in a state of relative retrogradation. The examination of the official statements for each province in particular, will shew that in the last five years seven departments have established a diminution, instead of an increase of population. They are Calvados, Cantal, Ille-et-Vilaine, Maine-et-Loire, La Manche, Mayenne, and La Seine.

The official population of all those departments in 1827 was 3,753,813. It is reduced in 1832 to 3,637,197. Diminution 116,616

Of which the department of the Seine has lost 78,000 inhabitants, and La Manche 20,000. The enormous falling off in the department of the Seine may be accounted for, at least in part, by political events. By the late official returns of the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, it appears that the population may be stated in round numbers at 25,000,000; and if no change takes place in the elements which determine the actual movement of the population in the two countries, many years will not pass before the narrow territory of Great Britain, little favoured as it is by nature, will maintain as many, and more, inhabitants than the vast and fertile region occupied by the French nation. We have just seen the decrease in the population of the department of the Seine, that is to say, of Paris, in the last five years; that of London, on the contrary, which in 1821 was only 1,275,000 inhabitants, is now 1,530,000,—an increase of 20 per cent.

* We had forgotten a "Classic Cottage" on the bank of Father Thames (Walsh Porter's we believe), which unites the Greek, Roman, Gothic and Egyptian, and Turkish styles of architecture."

Statistics of France.

	francs.
Net revenue of all financial property	1,531,500,000
Excess of raw productions, or revenue of all the agents of cultivation, including the land produce used, as horses, cattle, wool, &c.	3,118,770,000

Revenues, salaries, or profits of all the agents of commerce and of manufacturing, including all professions excepting those paid by the government	1,746,511,000
Total of the general revenue before the levy of the taxes, octrois, &c.	6,396,789,000

Population of the kingdom taken at	32,252,000
The sum total of the revenue, equally divided among the population, would give, therefore, to each individual 198 francs, and 33 centimes per annum; or 54 centimes per diem, if the whole revenue were not subject to the taxes. As this sum is not equally distributed, we may, in order to represent all the shades of affluence and indigence, divide the population into twelve classes, of which the first six contain only 2,252,000 individuals, and the second six 30,000,000, viz.	
Per head per ann.	fr. c.
1 152,000 600,000,000 4,000 0 10 96	fr. c.
2 150,000 375,000,000 2,500 0 6 85	fr. c.
3 150,000 150,000,000 1,000 0 2 74	fr. c.
4 400,000 240,000,000 600 0 1 64	fr. c.
5 400,000 160,000,000 400 0 1 10	fr. c.
6 1,600,000 350,000,000 350 0 0 98	fr. c.
7 2,000,000 600,000,000 300 0 0 82	fr. c.
8 2,000,000 500,000,000 250 0 0 69	fr. c.
9 3,500,000 700,000,000 200 0 0 55	fr. c.
10 7,500,000 1,125,000,000 150 0 0 41	fr. c.
11 7,500,000 900,000,000 120 0 0 33	fr. c.
12 7,500,000 638,789,000 91 84 0 25	fr. c.
32,252,000 6,396,789,000	fr. c.

From this summary, we see that 22½ millions of persons, forming the last three classes, are reduced to provide for all the wants of life with 8 sous, 6½ sous, and 5 sous per day respectively. We should find it difficult to conceive the possibility of this, were it not proved that 7½ millions of Frenchmen eat little or no bread; that barley, rye, flummery made of buck-wheat, chestnuts, pulse, a moderate quantity of potatoes, and water, are the only subsistence of that part of the population, which has no fuel but stubble and furze. Fixing the sum strictly necessary at 50 centimes (10 sous) per day, there would be wanting 1,400,529,000 francs as the sum total of the revenue.

NEW VARIETY IN THE HUMAN SPECIES. WINKELMAN had perceived that the ear was invariably placed much higher in the Egyptian statues than in the Greek; but he attributed this singularity to a system in Egyptian art, of elevating the ears of their kings, in the same way as the Grecian artists had exaggerated the perpendicularity of the facial angle in the heads of their gods.

M. Dureau de la Malle, on his visit, in May 1831, to the Museum at Turin, so rich in Egyptian monuments, was particularly struck with this peculiarity in all the statues of Ptah, Meris, Osymandias, Rhamses, and Sesostris.

Six mummies recently arrived from Upper Egypt were at that time under examination, and afforded him the means of ascertaining whether this special character of the higher situation of the orifice of the ear really existed in the skulls of the natives of the country. He was much astonished to find in these, as well as in many other skulls from the same place, of which the facial angle did not differ from that of the European race, that the orifice of the ear, instead of being, as with us, on a line with the lower part of the nose, was

placed on a line with the centre of the eye. The head in the region of the temple was also much depressed, and the top of the skull elevated, as compared with those of Europe, from one and a half to two inches. It is somewhat strange that this observation has hitherto escaped the notice of so many savans and travellers who have traversed Egypt. As a striking corroboration of so singular a conformation, which may not inaptly be considered the Egyptian type, and a new variety in the Caucasus race, M. Dureau cites an example M. Elias Boctor, a Copt, native of Upper Egypt, who has been twenty years in Paris, and is a professor of Arabic. He was well known to M. Dureau, who had constantly remarked the great elevation of his ears, which indeed had the appearance of two little horns. The Hebrew race resemble the Egyptians in many respects. M. Dureau examined and found that the ears of M. Carmelli, a Jew, professor of Hebrew, although not placed so high as in the mummies or Copts of Upper Egypt, were still very remarkable as compared with those of the natives of Europe.—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

DRAMA.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

King's Theatre, June 11.—The first night of *Robert le Diable*, Bertram could not get the earth to open and swallow him, in spite of all his efforts. Finding his stamping on the trap-door of no avail, he quietly walked out of sight, making a most lame and impotent conclusion to the interest of the drama. The nuns here are worse contrived than at any of the other theatres; for, previous to their animation, when they are supposed to be mere statues, they all conspicuously exhibit satin sanded shoon, flowing ringlets, and well-rouged cheeks!

Haymarket, June 18.—Owing to some botching in the last scene of *Hamlet*, all the concluding incidents were huddled together and transposed in a most edifying manner. The Queen did not know when to drink the poison, or Laertes when to fall; and Kean was therefore obliged to keep on fencing so much longer than he intended, that he became utterly exhausted, and instead of impetuously rushing to kill the King, with the words,

"Then, venom, to thy work!

Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane!

Follow my mother!"

he literally spoke them, leisurely hobbling along the stage, and using his sword as a walking-stick. The King stood quietly and coolly looking on, and waiting to be killed, with a heroism more exemplary than characteristic. In the closet scene, nothing can be more absurd than to observe that the Queen has just stuck a miniature in front of her, for the sole purpose of having it pulled off by *Hamlet*; and yet it is almost always done. I had expected better of you, Mrs. Glover, though I say, with *Hamlet*, "Ay, madam, it is common."

* *Haymarket*, June 18.—In the first scene of *Hamlet*, after the disappearance of the Ghost, Mr. Younge, as Horatio, gave the last line thus,

"This spirit, dumb to him, may speak to us."

Again, in relating to *Hamlet* the appearance of the Ghost, he rendered it thus,

Armed * * * cap-a-peet;"

omitting the words "at all points exactly;" and in the next sentence gave the following very curious reading:

"Thrice he walked, little further on,

By their oppred and fear-suppressed eyes."

It * * * did address itself to motion, as it would speak;"

King's Theatre, June 10.—*Robert le Diable*, never remarkable for clearness of plot, was rendered yet more hopelessly obscure by the omission of two of the acts. The parts of *Isabelle* and *Raimbaut*, and all the incidents connected with them, were passed over, owing to one of the thousand and one fracas with the manager. A tissue of absurdities was of course the consequent effect. The concluding incident was again lost, owing to the non-attention of the powers below, and Levasseur again coolly made his exit at a side-scene. Is the difficulty of opening a trap-door so very great, as to warrant this constant flying in the face of Mons. Scribe's intentions? In the last scene of *Semiramide*, Madame Grisi, having been killed, could not remain comfortable for the life of her. She continued giving fair and futile trials to every variety of position in which a person can lie, till the fall of the curtain. Imagine the diversion of *Daphnis et Céphise* without Heberle—the stalk without the rose—the pin without the diamond! Mademoiselle, I am told, on having completed her salutations and gyrations as the lady abess, felt suddenly incapacitated for further exertion; and was stretched on a sofa, crying with all her might, when she should have been coqueting with Albert for the wreath.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

THESE gardens opened with fine weather on Monday, and presented several novelties, including a Gothic building with windows looking into cosmoramas of Bristol on flames, London Bridge, &c. Among the entertainments was a new operetta by Messrs. Fitzball (author), and Bishop (composer), in which Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Waylett, Miss Coveney, Stanbury, Bedford, Templeton, Williams, and others, appeared. As *improved Vauxhall* seldom tempts us to endure late hours, and a fatiguing multitude of sights and sounds, we speak only by report when we repeat, that the evening's amusements give satisfaction to the visitors.

VARIETIES.

Modest Merit.—Madame Cinti Damoreau, after receiving a thousand guineas for her performances at the Opera, would not play in *Robert the Devil* for a hundred guineas on Tuesday night; so that the piece had to be dropped. The house was well filled notwithstanding, and the spirited manager is exerting himself to find a good double.

omitting the words "lifted up its head, and." In fact, Mr. Younge appeared to have forgotten his part, or to have learned it very carelessly throughout.

In act first, scene fourth, a very odd "effect" took place. When the Ghost appeared to *Hamlet*, *Horatio*, and *Marcellus*, it beckoned to *Hamlet*, and left, or rather I should say, attempted to leave the stage backwards; but in so doing, it came full butt against the wing, and there stuck with one leg and one half the body in front of, and the head and the other half of the body behind the wing, to the amazement of the audience and the actors, more particularly of *Marcellus*, who was very much inclined to laugh; no doubt, at finding that the Ghost was not the airy phantom he had thought.

In act second, scene second, Mr. Kean, in the last sentence but one, rendered a passage thus:

"Yes, and perhaps,

Out of my weakness and my melancholy,

Abuses me to damn me;"

omitting the line,

"As he is very potent with such spirits."

And again, in act third, scene third,

"Look here upon this picture and on this,"

he omitted the line immediately following,

"The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."

I was very happy to find, that the absurdity of the grave-digger's five waistcoats, which has been so long tolerated, is at last omitted: Mr. Harley took off but one.—*From a Correspondent*.

Phenomenon.—On Tuesday last, after a very heavy storm, an extraordinary phenomenon was observed at the Buckhold wood, Lydard, Troy Park, and other places in the neighbourhood of Monmouth. The ground and trees were covered with myriads of live snake-like insects, quantities of which were collected by different persons. They are six or seven inches in length, about the thickness of a horse-hair, white, and quite transparent.—*Monmouthshire Merlin*. It is a pity we have not more accurate descriptions of these insects; to ascertain, if possible, whether they are the result of meteorological changes, or are merely brought from the earth in consequence of the rains.—*Ed. L.G.*

The Story-Teller, No. I..—Another contemporary periodical, very cheap, and holding five selected tales, with an original introduction. We more than doubt the right of republishing in this way what belongs to others; but if tolerated, this is a nice publication; and an embossed cameo likeness of Sir W. Scott, given with it, is worth more than its price.

Sign-Painting.—Sixty or seventy years ago the trade of sign-painting gave employment to many of our best artists, and was, indeed, generally a part of the profession. Since that period fine signs have been less in fashion, and the task of executing them has devolved on inferior artisans. We observe in a New York Journal, that a Bull's-head, one of the earliest productions of West, and which has hung there about 70 years, was lately purchased by an English gentleman, and is destined for our Royal Academy. On this subject we may notice, that the Goat in Boots, at Little Chelsea, on the Fulham road, is said to have been painted, in one of his tipsy freaks, by George Morland; and the Queen's-head, which we saw the other day at Epsom, in a whim, by Harlow. The latter is curious from having the back of the head on one side and the face on the other. Harlow is reported to have given great offence to Lawrence by putting "T. L., Greek Street," to this performance, as if done by the future president, against whom he at that period entertained some pique.

Courtship of the late Dr. R..—“Dear sir, I am so sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged: but I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged, Eliza L.”—“Dear Miss Eliza, I beg your pardon, but wrote your name in mistake: it was Miss Ann I meant to ask: have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother, J. R.”—The Dr. and Miss Ann were married, and, as they say in the fairy tales, “lived very happy all the rest of their lives.”

Extravagance Extraordinary.—“I am sure Frank will come to the workhouse,” said a well-known banker: “did you ever see such waste? He has crost all his t's, and dotted all his i's!” We recommend this to Mr. Hume. Retrenchment of unnecessary ink might be carried into effect on a large scale in the public offices.

Emigration.—Whilst we, in England, are, as it may happen, recommending emigration to New Holland, the Cape, Canada, or other colony, it is amusing to read in the French *Recueil Industriel* the writer's advice to persons who wish to go to Africa and settle at Algiers.

Earthquake.—“The Montreal Courant of Jan. 15, says: A slight shock of an earthquake was felt in this city on Sunday night last, between eleven and twelve o'clock. The motion resembled the shaking of a steam-boat

whose machinery agitates her much; it continued for about four seconds, and was accompanied with an indistinct noise. This was the same time at which the earthquake at Ogdensburg, of which we published an account on Tuesday, was felt."

Preservation of Seeds.—The vitality of seeds, secluded from light and heat in the bowels of the earth, is preserved, as may be shewn in many instances where soil is dug up after having been at rest for ages. Mr. Charles M. Willlich has therefore suggested, that in order to preserve a uniformity of temperature, seeds for long voyages should be packed in cases surrounded by a layer of dry charcoal, or any non-conductor of heat.—*Gardener's Magazine*, June 1832.

St. Albans Abbey.—We are glad to notice, from the advertisement in the newspapers, that the voluntary subscription at the meeting for the preservation of this venerable fabric, amounted to nearly a thousand pounds, headed by two hundred given by the Bishop of London.

Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts.—The advertisement of this Society states, that in one year, 1831, it had released from prison **two thousand and eighty debtors**, at the charge of £2,277.; and since the 2d of May last it had effected the discharge of **one hundred and eleven debtors**, of whom **ninety-three had wives and two hundred and eight children**, whose liberation cost **324£. ! ! !** Could all the oratory of the most eloquent speaker that ever rose in parliament draw so dreadful a picture as this of savage barbarity in a civilised and Christian land, and of the horrid state of the laws where such things can exist? In last year alone above two thousand persons immured within the walls of a gaol, taken from the sphere of industry and usefulness, harassed by legal harpies, and burdened with cruel and ruinous expenses; and all for what the sum of less than **two pounds ten shillings for each**, has, after all their sufferings, finally satisfied! And within the last few weeks four hundred and twelve human beings, the parents of ninety-three families, and these innocent families, rendered destitute for what **324£. settled**; i.e. fifteen shillings a-head for such a mass of misery!! Can we contemplate this, and think of the unrelenting cruelty which sought such vengeance, of the expense which must have flowed into the pockets of pettifogging and villainous attorneys out of the distresses of these distressed creatures, and of the laws which permit such injuries, not only to individuals, but, through them widely, to the community at large, and not be filled with feelings of equal astonishment, disgust, and horror?

Epigram.

How aptly, Scotland, does thy honoured name
Sound in our glory in the lists of fame!
When all the world past avail their best,
Still blase monumental as the land of Scott.

London, June 18, 1832. JOHN S. CLARK.

Saying of Isabella Andreini.—Il cuore incostante rassomiglion allo specchio, che riceve ogni impressione, ma che non ne ritiene nessuna.

The inconstant heart has but the mirror's lot,
Takes all impression, but retains them not.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Lit. Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXV. June 25, 1832.*] *Estomach in Scotland.*—The great attention which has been bestowed for many years on the collection of England, where there is scarcely a single city without one or more assiduous collectors, renders the fact the more remarkable, that in the northern portion of the island this delightful study should have made so slight a progress. This may partially be owing to the want of a proper elementary work of a sufficiently compendious nature to guide the student through the difficulties of a subject somewhat encumbered by the complexities of an unsettled system of nomenclature and arrangement. It is intended, in some measure, as it is announced, to supply this defi-

cency by a work entitled *Entomologia Edinensis*, now in preparation by Mr. James Wilson, F.R.S.E., author of "Illustrations of Zoology," &c., and Mr. James Duncan. The first volume of this publication is now, we hear, in a forward state, containing the generic characters and detailed specific descriptions of the Coleopterous insects found in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, combined with a general history of their localities, economy and metamorphoses. An ample Introduction promises to present a general view of the class *Insects*, pointing out its distinctive attributes and relations to the other great divisions of the animal kingdom, and including an account of the anatomical structure, physiology, geographical distribution, &c. of the extensive order, to a portion of which the descriptive part of the first volume exclusively relates. An explanation of generic and specific nomenclature, and of such technical terms as it may be necessary to employ, is to be given in a familiar form, so as to render the subject readily intelligible without reference to any other work; and new plates added, to illustrate the peculiarities of structure. All the species hitherto detected in Scotland, with their localities, have been carefully registered, that they may form materials for a future *Fauna* of the Society. The amount of the demand (comprised in upwards of 200 copies) will necessarily introduce the general history of the leading groups in British entomology; and as most of these are likely to occur in other parts of the country, the utility of the volume will not be confined to the district specified, but will apply to any portion of the British empire; removing the chief obstacles with which students of entomology in this country, now become numerous, have had to contend.

A Manual of the Baronetage of the British Empire. History of Charlemagne, by G. P. R. James, Esq.

A new edition of Bayldon on Rents, &c. with Additions. Illustrated with numerous designs, a Narrative of the Excursion to Herne Bay, on the day of the opening of the Pier; with a full account of the Procession, Dinners, &c.

Supplement to London's Horus Britannicus.

Twelve Months' Pilgrimage through untrodden tracts of Khasian and Persia, in a Journey from India. By J. H. Stoqueler, Esq.

Lives of Eminent Missionaries. By J. Carne, Esq., Author of "Letters from the East;" forming Vol. VI. of the Select Library.

The Poetic Negligée.

Devon and Cornwall Illustrated: from Original Drawings by Thomas Allom. With Historical and Topographical Descriptions by J. Britton and E. W. Brayley.

Part I. of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland Illustrated; from Original Drawings by Thomas Allom.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Forman's Natural Philosophy, 8vo, 5s. bds.—Family Library, Vol. XXXI. Trial of Charles I., 18mo, 5s. cloth.—Knight's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, 12mo, 3s. cloth.—Bds.; 8vo, 5s. cloth.—Rev. R. P. Beaumont's Four Sermons, 18mo, 2s. 6d. bds.—Little Mytton grown older, 18mo, 2s. 6d. cloth.—New Reform Act, 18mo, 2s. 6d. sewed.—Cancer a Tragedy, 8vo, 4s. sewed.—Journal of the Topographer, Vol. II., 18mo, 5s. cloth.—The Family Proprietary of Truth, 8vo, 18mo, 5s. cloth.—The Family Topographer, Vol. II., 18mo, 5s. cloth.—Cooper's Proposal for a General Record Office, 8vo, 6s. cloth.—Frolics, by the late Harry St. Leger, 3 vols. post 8vo, 17, 11s. 6d. bds.—Bishop of Chester's St. Luke, 2 vols. 18mo, 9s. bds.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. VII. British India, Vol. II., 18mo, 5s. cloth.—Bernard's Creeds and Ethics of the Jews, 8vo, 11s. hf. cloth.—Remember Me, Second Series, 32mo, 4s. silk.—Baggage on the Economy of Manufactures, 12mo, 6s. cloth.—Sheridan's Guide to the Isle of Wight, 12mo, 8s. cloth.—Dr. A. B. Evans's Sermons, 8vo, 12s. bds.—Sallust, by H. E. Allen, royal 12mo, 10s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 14	From 52° to 71.	29°36 to 29°66
Friday... 15	51. 67.	29°38 ... 29°52
Saturday... 16	51. 70.	29°39 ... 30°03
Sunday... 17	51. 73.	30°03 Stationary
Monday... 18	53. 77.	30°04 ... 30°06
Tuesday... 19	50. 74.	30°06 ... 30°08
Wenesday 20	51. 74.	29°36 ... 29°22

Prevailing wind S.W.
The 14th, 15th, and 20th, cloudy—rain at times on the 14th, 15th, and 17th; otherwise generally clear.

Rain fallen 325 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 39" N. Longitude 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * It is particularly requested that all communications for the *Literary Gazette* should be addressed to the Editors, in consequence of personal addresses, which are not opened in cases of temporary absence, delay is frequently incurred, and still more frequently hurry occasioned late in the week; both of which are very inconvenient.

R. S. T. declined.

We are informed by Mr. Moser, that the principle in igniting the powder of the patent gun, described in our last, is a Prussian invention; and only the mechanical arrangement of the gun due to the patentee.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is now open, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East. Open each day from Nine till Dusk.

Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

WEST of SCOTLAND EXHIBITION of the FINE ARTS.—The Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Works of Living British Artists, under the patronage of the Glasgow Dietitians Society, will open in the Society's new Rooms, Buchanan Street, Monday, 9th July. Works of Art to be sold at the exhibition will be received from the 11th to the 20th June, addressed to the Secretary, or to any member of the Committee. WALTER BUCHANAN, Esq., President.

The Works of Art which the Directors hope to be favoured with from London, may be sent, on or before the 23rd June, to Messrs. S. Reynolds and Co. Dundee Wharf, Lower Mortgate, London, by whom they will be forwarded to Glasgow.

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SALE of MR. REINAGLE'S PICTURES deferred to 27th, 28th, and 29th of June.

Mr. EDWARD REINAGLE, R.A., now acquires the Public, No. 7, Adelphi, S.W., a large Apartment in West Street, and the whole of the splendid Collection of Pictures of R. H. Reinagle, Esq. R.A., at No. 54, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, advertised for 20th and 21st instant, is unavoidably deferred to 27th, 28th, and 29th, in consequence of Ascot Races. The View of the Royal Enclosure, and every Picture in the Catalogues may be had, at 1s. each on the Premises, and at Mr. Foster's Office, 54, Pall Mall, and 14, Greek Street, Soho Square.

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